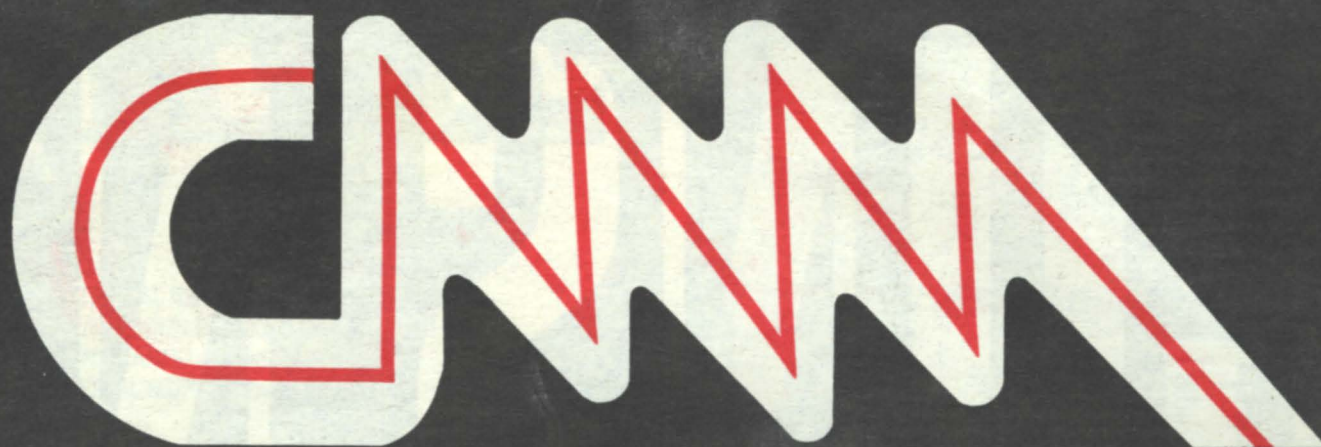


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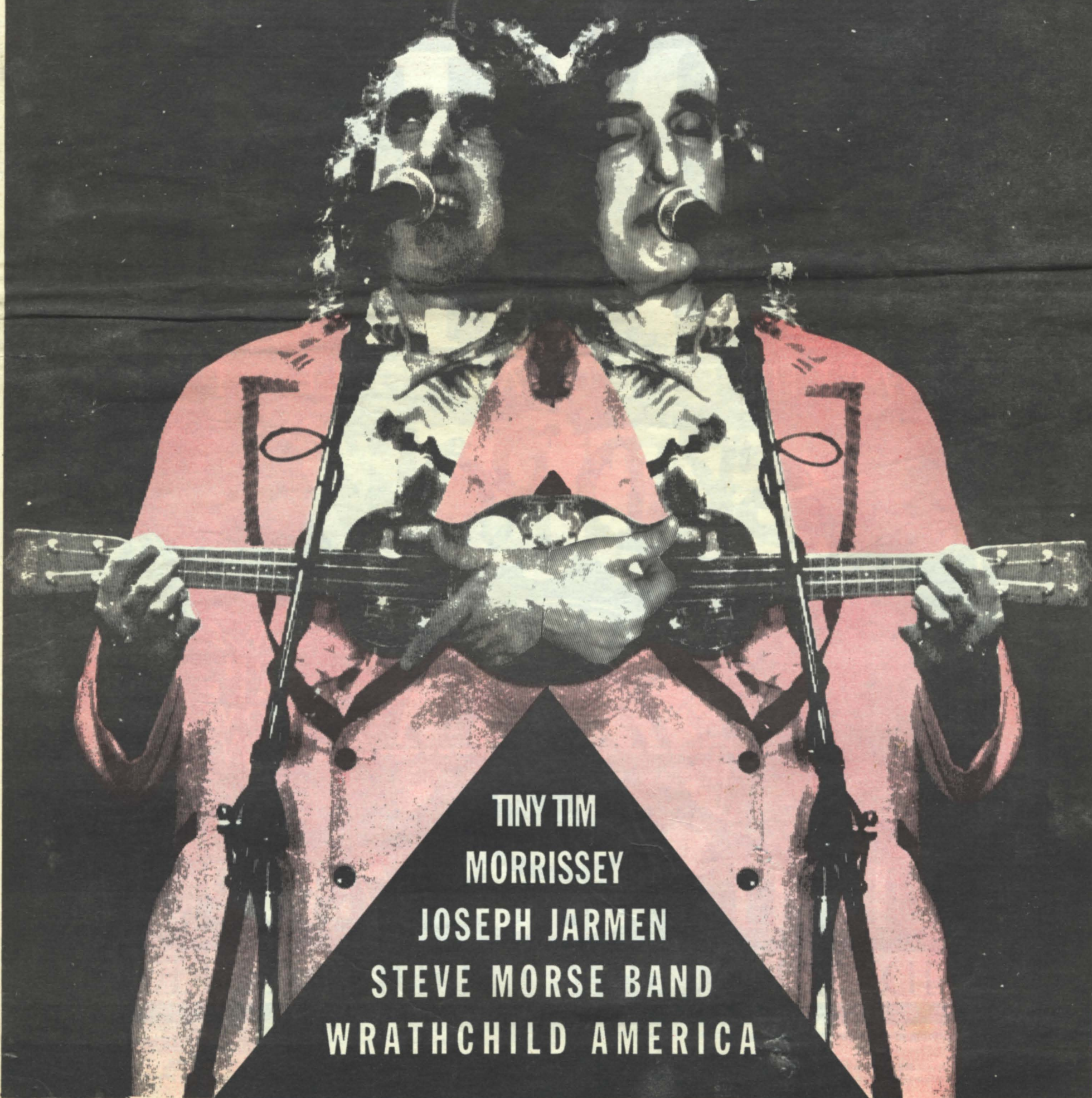
July 1991

Volume 2

Number 12



Colorado's Music Magazine



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Calendar

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(above) Brian Hagman of Wretched Refuse

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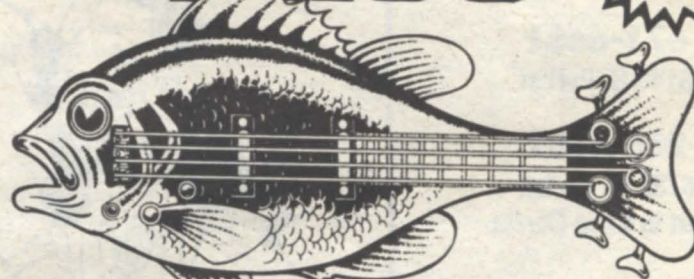
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MAIL

LET'S ALL BE PALS...

Dear Editor:

As a member of the Teletunes volunteer staff, I am responding to the letter written by "Tim from 9 Pals." His first claim is that our playlist looks "like a Wax Trax! Records discography." Unfortunately for Tim, out of the 240 videos aired in April (the month before his letter), only 10 were from Wax Trax! Of those 10, four were of the KLF, a dance/rap/house band, not what we call "industrial." That leaves six videos in which Al Jourgensen *could have* appeared. He was only seen in 1! So, your suggestion for a new name, "Alain Jourgensen is God," is *hardly* fitting!

Now, Tim is upset that the "industrial" videos all look alike. Hey, we don't make them, we just play them. Maybe the fact that many of the bands in that genre go to the same video production company, H-Gun, has something to do with the similar imagery. Write to H-Gun. They're in Chicago.

V-A-R-I-E-T-Y is lacking? Well, if Tim thinks that the RHCPs [Red Hot Chili Peppers], the Cure, Nitzer Ebb and Anthrax are the end all of variety, of course he's got a problem with Teletunes. I think that the Doors, Crash Worship, Metallica and Godflesh are a varied group of videos, and what do you know...they're played!

Local music brings us to this next point. As I write this letter, Room 291, Venus Walk, Creeping Eruption, Fluorescent Echo and Erin Volk are in our rotation. Of course, Tim may not consider these local bands to fit his criteria, as they could be considered industrial music!

Tim insists that "somebody has got to do something about" Teletunes. I'm sure he knows that we gladly accept mail. I'd suggest that he write to us with his ideas, and of course criticisms. Our address is Teletunes, P.O. Box 1740, Denver, CO 80201.

Lastly, of course we know that "just 'cause there are black people in a band doesn't mean it has to be R&B." And that's why many videos are on both Teletunes and the R&B Showcase!

Sincerely,
Tara Keogh

P.S. None of the VJs have spiral perms!



FRXD

Trapped in a world he didn't create.

ROCK ON, DUDE

Dear People of CMM:

This letter is in response to a previous reader's letter which was signed "Ripped Off at the Broadway." Please feel free to print this letter in the same fashion.

As a Broadway regular of five to six nights a week, I have seen more and more positive changes there in the last few months, the greatest one being the "mosh" ban. The Broadway is not and should not be considered a mosh pit (or any other type of pit). Free-style dancing is grand, but if one or two needle-brained twits want to thrash, clang heads, and jeopardize the safety of others in the area, I am glad to see them go.

As for Original Projects, they have slipped more than one geek band into more than one club in Denver. The good news is, they are learning as well.

Thank you,
Jonathan H. Lowry
Rockin' at the Broadway

A SLOW TRAIN TO PUEBLO

Dear CMM:

How could you print an article that romanticizes the idea of people climbing on moving trains to "get away from it all," as your writer Tom Hangbanger suggests? ("Warm Flesh and Cold Steel: My Romance with the Railroad," CMM #11). Not only have people been killed and/or maimed by climbing aboard moving trains (look at comedian Don Becker, who lost an arm while trying to jump a train), but it is ILLEGAL!! Besides, a guy once climbed underneath and attached himself beneath a slow-moving train, thinking it would be going only about 2 miles. Well, that train went about 500 miles into mountains with below freezing temperatures and by the time it stopped they had to literally pry his body off of the train. Your publication is irresponsible for printing such an article. Tell your writer to grow up and get out of his Peter Pan syndrome.

Sincerely,
LuAnne Podhertz

ARNIE STRIKES AGAIN

Rx:

Who loves ya baby?

Sincerely,
The Big Guy

P.S. Cars, furs, jewelry? What will it take to get Booze Fighter singles on the cover of the All Local Issue?

THE BEAUTY OF US WEST

First message, left Monday, June 24, at 7:31 p.m.

Yeah, this is some vital information. You can tell Andrew E. Frey that he sold out and that he's a fucking little pussy for selling out to you guys.

Anonymous and Gutless Caller

Dear Snivelling Nameless Verman,

Thanks for the kind words of encouragement. It's spineless backstabbers like you that really help support the area music scene. If you don't like the paper, don't read it. Better yet, publish your own.

Sincerely,
Andrew E. Frey

A CRY FOR HELP

Dear Roxanna:

My name is Erik Solof. I'm 24 and have an addiction. Jane's, that is. (Swimming pools, movie stars...) I write to you, as a serious collector, for one thing: More, more, more, more. My interest has reached the "get a life" stage, and quite frankly, it's a little scary.

A few years back, I contacted you about my love for the band, and you were super enough to give me a tape: *Jane's Addiction: Words and Music* (still one of the prides o' the collection, that and your "See Jane Rock" article! No kidding!)

I realize you're not in the charity business, and I don't know how much coverage you're going to do with your magazine, but if you receive anything from the Lollapalooza Festival that you would part with, you can be sure you won't find anyone who would appreciate it more.

On another note, I was in Santa Cruz for a year, and when I recently returned, I didn't see your name in the *Westword* staff listings. I was bummed, thinking you had left the state. I'm glad you have your own paper, I like it, and I hope it works for you. (Gawd, Michael Roberts is awful!)

One last thing. When I spoke to you three years ago about J.A., I vaguely remember you saying you were into the Doors. If anything, I'd be interested to hear what you thought of the film.

Many Thanks,
Erik

Dear Erik:

Welcome back, and thanks for your kind words. Admitting you have a problem is the first step toward recovery, and you've made a brave one indeed. As far as Lollapalooza junk goes...I just feel sorry for the publicists that have to deal with this traveling circus. The first word I got of it came in the form of a red and white swirled lollipop wrapped in a cellophane press release. As a J.A. addict, I'm sure your mouth is watering. Unfortunately, I am unable to feed your habit; late one night I got the munchies and ate a chunk. It sucked (no pun intended), and wound up stuck to a bunch of promo junk and finally thrown away.

You want press releases on Lollapalooza? We get them by the score, at least once a week. Perry Farrell's "brainchild" is more like an obnoxious little brat that gets what it wants, then changes its mind and demands something else. To be truthful, with Denver being the last date on the tour (at least on this week's schedule), I'll be amazed if it holds together that long. As far as other J.A. stuff, I've got the issue of *Propaganda* with your idol on the cover: "Perry Farrell Gives the Gift," (an interview, whoopee!). I have no problem parting with it, though as a collectible it may not have much value; the cover is a little funky—spilled beer or the cat, I know not which.

You remember me talking about the Doors because when you told me of your thing for J.A., I confessed that I was once obsessed with them. But I assure you, I'm cured.

One more for your collection,
Roxanna

P.S. I saw the Doors' movie (first showing) and can't understand why someone would spend all that money to recreate footage from the numerous documentaries that are available. Same goes for the soundtrack and Morrison's poetic words of wisdom; go for the real thing! I doubt I'll buy the video, but I might rent it...I can't think about it until it's released. Until then, it's just one day at a time....

WEEERRREEE
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by Mickie

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TOP OF THE HEAP: Congratulations to the members of Asystole, who have earned the distinction of becoming the first area grindcore band to get a record deal. The grind-maniacs have just sealed a deal with Cleveland's Seraphic Decay records for an initial pressing of 1500 copies of their demo, *A Higher Form of Hatred*, soon to be released on 7" vinyl. The secret to their success? Persistence, practice, talent, a demo review in *Metal Maniacs*.... and when that didn't work, they locked the label rep in a room with guitarist (okay, guitar god) Jeff Harmsen. In less than an hour Asystole had their deal, the rep was resting quietly in nearby CARE unit, and the band was halfway through a keg of Pabst Blue Ribbon. With the addition of bassist Jeff Teske (former guitarist with *Violent Degenerates* and later *Masoskizm*), Asystole will soon be assaulting the scene with a series of cranium-crunching shows....But the question is, where will they play? The Underground is no more, thanks to a hilarious expose by TV "investigative reporter" Paula Woodward, who bravely took her camera crew where no one in their right mind would dare to go: the toilets. Which brings to mind another "brave" journalist; there's a rumor going 'round that the "rock critic" at a local tabloid has decided that it's high time he find out what this stagediving business is all about, and has hired a "guide" to show him the ropes at, of all things, the Einsturzende Neubauten performance. Maybe somebody oughta tell him that unless the legendary German industrial noise band (famous for playing junkyards) has gone the route of Ministry (in which case he's sure to die), he's gonna be the only one diving....On the grim subject of death, Paul Church's Fallout Shelter, an all-ages hangout, is history less than a month after its grand opening. Hate to say "We told you so," Paul, but we weren't the only ones who viewed the dinky single-exit



When you see them coming, lock the doors and turn out the lights.
Asystole: Jeff Teske, Jeff Harmsen, Mike McFarlin and Bob Kay

guarantee from the club. Wowzer! But there's good news: OPU head honcho Geoff Workman has production credits on two new Geffen releases, both excellent: The self-titled *I Love You* and Warrior Soul's second release, *drugs, god, and the new republic*.... Still On Broadway: Since the crack-down on smoke shops, Kathy Taylor has moved the remaining inventory of her Outer Limits store (primarily lingerie and jewelry) and set up shop in the back room at the Broadway. Maybe her store can provide fashions for the club's new Sunday night entertainment offering: a

Polaroids of your work to Theresa Conroy, c/o Triad Artists, 10100 Santa Monica Blvd., L.A., CA 90067. HINT: If his own work is any indication, Perry goes for kinky, controversial stuff....Spacey Tracy Rox, who for several months put out the music paper *Static*, is back on the scene and is signing the word "Paisley," which we've heard is the name of her next publishing venture, beneath her name....When "The Ras Clot" profiled reggae archivist Roger Steffens a few months ago, we thought he was just an expert on one deceased musical legend, Bob Marley. But it turns out that he also is intimate with the facts surrounding Jim Morrison's death. According to an article by rock's notorious biographer Albert Goldman in the April, 1991 *Penthouse*, Morrison died of a heroin overdose in a Paris bathtub. The events surrounding his demise were related to Goldman by Steffens and his ex-wife, who learned of Jim's demise from singer Marianne Faithfull and her lover, a French heroin dealer. The spaced-out duo witnessed—and later denied—viewing a definitely dead Jim.... CMM Man on the Scene Gregory Daurer got his chance to witness some hard news recently, when he and an entire RTD busload of people were indirectly maced after an off-duty,

white-nerd security guard sprayed an intoxicated and verbally hostile black woman, who he claims was ready to attack him. The mace spread throughout the whole bus, causing distress coupled with watering, burning eyes. Daurer later overheard, above the woman's pitiful wails, the guard say he'd had 15 years of law enforcement experience. "From where?" Daurer testily demanded, "The Los Angeles Police Department?" That, in fact, was the case....And on a final note, we've got four rock/pop stars competing for this month's BIGGEST ASSHOLE IN MUSIC award. And the nominees are: Vanilla Ice, who was arrested after he pulled a 9mm pistol on a man in a supermarket parking lot; Dave Mustaine of Megadeth, for this quote in *USA Today*: "People say, 'What a rich, spoiled rock star,' but what about all those years I starved and slept with girls just so I could raid their fridges when they went to work?"; Guns N' Roses, who have kept audiences waiting as late as 2 a.m. before taking the stage, which is why their Denver show was moved from Fiddler's to McNichols; and finally, vocalist Chris Robinson of The Black Crowes, who was cited for theft and assault in Denver after the band's show last month. First he tried to rip off two cases of beer from a 7-Eleven store (it's after midnight, sorry dude), then spit on Elizabeth Juergens, a young woman who earned his wrath just because she didn't recognize him. Vote today. —CMM STAFF



T. Motley

BLOODLINE

basement as a firetrap and cop magnet. Fire officials closed the place down during *Wretched Refuse's* set on June 29, but the band played on—they just drug their equipment up the narrow stairwell and tried to jam outside. That lasted for about one song before the cops pulled the plug (violation of a neighborhood noise ordinance). *Wretched* will be playing once again at the Lion's Lair on August 5, and if you're 21+, this is the time and place to hear a tight, up-and-coming young band without getting moshed to death....The Boulder-based Samples, an alternative college-rock band who debuted on Arista last year, are reportedly not fairsing so well the second time around. The group has repeatedly postponed a two-month booking at an area studio, but perhaps it's nothing more than a little cash-flow problem....Bands that are in the studio: *Blonde Bombshell*, who recently lost their second guitarist and recruited the former drummer from *Tantalus*, are recording at *Avalanche* with James Thomas (*Bombshell's* new sound has been described as *The Cult* meets *Alice In Chains*), while the ever-glamorous *Sinnerfold* are still working on a new demo....In the wonderful world of band management, Ed Morrison's *Shock Appeal* is now representing post-punkers *Dollhouse*....Now. What to do about those nasty rumors surrounding those industry moguls over at Original Projects Unlimited? First we learn that OPU is no longer booking the Broadway (which seemed like a conflict of interest in the first place, since OPU manages a stable of bands). Then we hear that a rep from OPU presented the Broadway's management with a list of local bands (managed by OPU, perhaps?) which supposedly signed an agreement not to play the Broadway without a

KBPI-sponsored "dating game" between strippers and bandmembers. Incidentally, *Details*, a once-cool New York scene mag that was bought out and is now trying to be *GQ*, lists the Broadway, among several Denver clubs, in its July "music" issue: "A heavy metal and punk dive" is all it says, and that says it all....Attention metalheads: "Foundation Forum '91," the "world's only all hard-rock and heavy metal convention," happens October 3-5 in L.A. For info dial (212) 645-1360....We're losing longtime scene supporter Patrick Barber, who's moving to Seattle this month. Patrick has been involved in numerous projects over the years—he played bass in *Ante Bellum*, *Expatriate*, *Kid from Dellverance* and *Blowhole*; founded and edited *The Pit*, a Colorado Springs-based magazine/catalog; started an independent label (*Apraxia*); promoted and produced such noteworthy concerts as *King Diamond* and *Coroner*, and most recently, has been writing a column for *CMM*. Patrick will continue to write *Rat's Nest*, but his contributions, commitment and smart-ass sense of humor will be greatly missed. Kick ass in Seattle, Pat....On a cheerier note, we welcome to our pages ACME, a group of area cartoonists and comic-book writers represented by T. Motley, who has done everything from all-star wrestling comic books to a literary "Cliff Notes" comic strip....The massive Lollapalooza festival, scheduled for Denver on August 25, plans to feature an "Art Tent" gallery for local artists in each city. Perry Farrell of *Jane's Addiction* is the sole juror on this one, and if you want to be considered, he requests that you sends three or four

CMM ALL LOCAL ISSUE DEADLINE: Friday, August 9th

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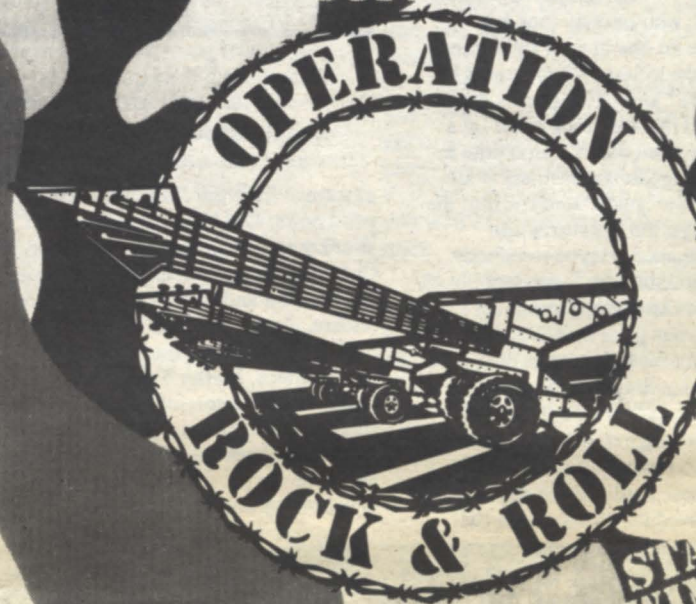


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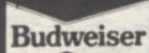
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Rx COLUMN

Tiptoe softly and carry a big tulip: Bill Haisch and Rx share a precious moment with "Eternal Troubadour" Tiny Tim following his Denver debut at Ruby.



Photo by Andrew Frey

TOO MANY TIMS: In *CMM* #11 we published a letter signed by **Tim from 9 Pals**. It essentially was a diatribe blasting KBDI's video program, "Teletunes," with such statements as "Can you spell V-A-R-I-E-T-Y? What the fuck happened? Why don't they just call their show *Alain Jourgensen is God?*" Tim then ranted about MTV: "You got Headbangers Ball. Who the fuck bangs their head to *Trixtor?*" Perceptive guy, that Tim....

We published the letter, figuring 9 Pals was probably a local band, or at worst a blood cult. We were wrong. Shortly after the letter was printed, a distraught Tim from 9 Pals called, demanding that we print a retraction of the letter he says he didn't write. He said he'd received calls regarding the letter and was a bit cranky, but when I told him I thought 9 Pals was a band and that I'd never heard of him or his show, he became downright indignant.

"Just last week, three people came up to me on the street and said 'Aren't you Tim from 9 Pals?'" he boasted, explaining that he's the star spokesman for 9 Pals, a kiddie club on Channel 9, and thus the language and statements in the letter were "totally uncharacteristic." I'll say. Whoever wrote that letter not only knows about music and made some valid points, but has

a great sense of humor. The *Official* Tim from 9 Pals saw no humor, let alone irony, in the prank; however, the more I learned about Tim, the funnier it became. Friends who are familiar with his TV pitches for 9 Pals describe him as "geek" or "nerd" who wears a bow tie and sweatshirt with "TIM" screened on it—not quite the kind of guy who would write "fuck you" letters to a music magazine. I offered to publish a photo of the *Official* Tim from 9 Pals, along with his statement, but he declined; I guess he figures everyone who reads *CMM* already knows him from TV and would know the letter was written by the *other* Tim from 9 Pals. I've yet to catch a glimpse of this ubiquitous celebrity (let alone the mysterious Tim #2), but I've heard enough about him to know that he wouldn't know Alain Jourgensen from **Jerko the Clown**.

I doubt he'd know Jerko either, even though they're both in the kiddie business. I doubt Tim and I will ever cross paths (he's into the 12-and-under scene), but I'm not too over-the-hill for Jerko the Clown. The **Warlock Pinchers** were releasing a new record called *Circusized Peanuts*, and they went all out on this bizarre theme party/concert. Getting a clown to open the show was a great idea in theory, but the last thing this

packed house of teens and pre-teens wanted was some obnoxious clown in their faces, making lousy balloon animals and even worse jokes. To add fuel to the fire, vast quantities of dangerous drugs—mainly cotton candy and vile-looking ice cream cones made up with mounds of frosting to look like clowns—were being mainlined. The place reeked with a sickly sweet smell, and if the Pincher's plan was to create a circus-like atmosphere, it was mission accomplished. Sugar junkies were screaming obscenities at the aptly named Jerko, throwing things at him, threatening his life...it was not a pleasant scene. In fact, by the time the people finally got what they had paid for—nonstop stagediving and heavy slam-pit action—things had literally reached a fever pitch. It was hot and stuffy, and as soon as the Pinchers went on it was total chaos. I was up front and noticed a girl being crushed against the stage. By the end of the third song she was out cold, held up only by the crush of oblivious people. A security guy who also saw her was trying desperately to get to her, and when I put my arms out stiffly in an attempt to clear a path, a depraved little monster grabbed my crotch from behind. It's a good thing I got immediately involved in helping security and answering paramedics'

questions, because if I would have got my hands on that little monster, I might have been answering the questions of an unsympathetic homicide detective.

TOO MANY TIMS, PART II: Between the scandal over the two Tims from 9 Pals and the uncontrollable wave of "Tinymania" that began when **Tiny Tim** came through town last month, this paper has all but been taken over by a Legion of Tims. One of our writers, "Mr. Boyd" Rice, suggested reviewing a Tiny Tim show, which was the most fun I've had in many moons (four solid hours of Elvis impersonators at Larry's Restaurant, another fine adventure with Mr. Boyd, came close). Mr. Boyd, it turns out, is not just a Tinymaniac, he's their ringleader! The review escalated into a play-by-play of Tiny's four days in Denver (Mr. Boyd must've stuck to Tim like tar and feathers), as well as a full-length interview. Then I hand a Tiny photo over to **Peter**, my longtime friend and trusted designer. Hours pass. More hours pass. Finally around 2 a.m. a wild-eyed Peter emerges from the darkroom with not one, not two, but AT LEAST half-a-dozen Tim photos in hand. He was ecstatic, having developed a neat trick by which he could clone Tims. Another clear-cut case of Tinymania. **Kip Winger**

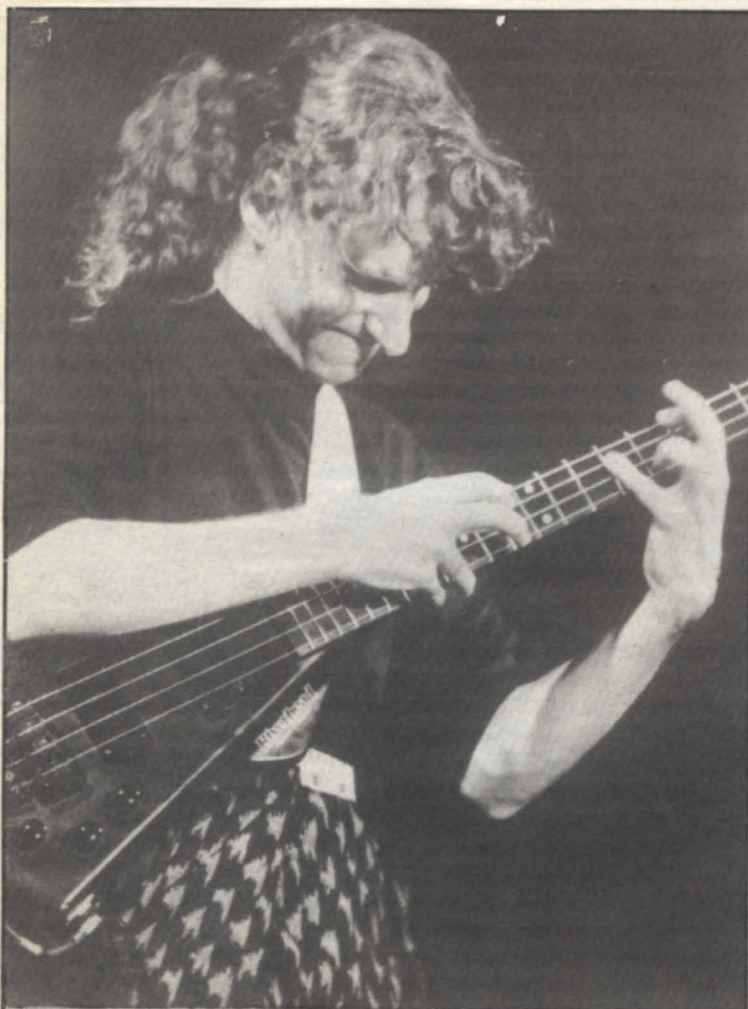
was the scheduled cover story, but we wound up with Siamese Tims. And how about that Tim quartet? At last count there were at least nine Tim photos in the paper. I fought to keep Tim out of my column, but Mr. Boyd made these sad puppy eyes and said, "Oh, Bill will be so disappointed...." I think the worst is over. Tune in next month for "The Dark Side of Kip Winger." In the meantime, watch out for those Tims.

—ROXANNA ALDAY



Jerko the Clown

Photo by Andrew Frey



Michael Manring Photo by Gregory Daurer

Steve Morse Band/Michael Manring

June 21: Interplaza Events Center

Every guitar playing stud in town that didn't have a gig was at this show, to worship at the altar of guitar mega-virtuoso Steve Morse. Winner of Best Guitarist honors from *Guitar Player Magazine* for five straight years, Morse has the unique ability to create music that absolutely blows the mind of any guitar player, while still being listenable to someone who could care less how fast, fluid, or diverse his playing is.

For a guitar god, Morse is remarkably laid back. At the begin-

ning of the show, some inebriated geek yelled, "Play some classical music." Morse immediately complied, ripping into an impromptu version of ZZ Top's "Tush," afterwards saying "Hey, that's a classic rock song!"

Most of the one-and-one-half hour set was made up of songs from Morse's latest release, *Southern Steel*, which he shamelessly but good-naturedly plugged throughout the evening. Songs like "Vista Grande" were reminiscent of Jeff Beck, with complex fusion

structures underpinning screaming sustain guitar, the melodies fierce with feeling and technical brilliance, while "Point Counterpoint" showed off Morse's acoustic chops. Drummer Van Romaine and bassist Dave LaRue are solid musicians, capable not only of the gymnastics but also the emotion and drive of Morse's songs.

The encore started off with a hyperdrive medley loosely centered around The Dreg's "Cruise Control." Songs like "Summertime Blues," "My Sharona," "Heartbreaker," and "Mississippi Queen" made brief appearances, as well as a snatch of "Carry on My Wayward Son" by Kansas, a band Morse joined briefly.

Opening act Michael Manring is a bass guitar virtuoso, playing solo and creating sounds and textures not previously associated with the instrument. In fact, much of the pleasure in listening to his mostly brooding, atmospheric music is in seeing how he actually gets those sounds out of a bass. Manring uses harmonics, slapping, hammer-on and detuning techniques, along with a battery of effects units, to create huge, open music that fittingly is available on the Windham Hill label. Manring even played two basses at the same time at one point, a bit of theater that made an otherwise lethargic tune more interesting to watch, and to listen to.

The sound was muddy-sounding throughout, making it impossible to hear Morse's humorous comments between songs, much less the techno-bass lines of LaRue or Manring. The fault lay more with the venue than the sound system. The Interplaza Events Center used to be a Printemps department store, and the nooks and crannies of the ceiling, as well as the massive staircase, gave the bass frequencies too many places to bounce around. The room is pretty cool-looking, though, and music that is less demanding might not make its acoustic deficiencies so obvious.

And that's "Southern Steel," on MCA records. (Just thought I'd throw one in for ya Steve.)—KGB

E-TOWN

June 19: Boulder Theater

This is one show that I feel truly fortunate to have been a part of. Once again, it was work (live recording), and while it was not as wild as Mr. Morrissey, it was of a whole different perspective and caliber. This was the second of what will (hopefully) be a series of concert-radio shows on National Public Radio, produced by Nick Forester of the unfortunately disbanded Hot Rize. The show features musical guests, as well as the "Earth Almanac" segment with Nick and guest speakers from the environmental community addressing some important "enviro-issues" like transportation, recycling, and the attitudes of the public, politicians, and big business. The atmosphere is very informal and spontaneous, sort of like a "Grand Ol' Opry," but without all the blue-haired old ladies in Elvis T-shirts.

Jamming solo and in many various combinations together were Nick and his "E-Tones" house band, Pete Rowan, Edgar Meyer, Lyle Lovett, and a host of other faces from the Bluegrass/Folk/Country circles. If the full house that night was any indication, I think it's safe to say that E-Town is building up a strong following. I'm not sure how many stations carry it's great music and important message, but I find it a refreshing alternative to the big-bucks-glam-hype-type of events (like Morrissey), which I consider to be a form of pollution in themselves.—FRANK RONCALIO



Photo By Philip Holmes

Dinosaur Jr./Nirvana

June 10: Gothic Theater

Weird night. We arrived a bit late only to find that we hadn't been cleared to enter. Finally, one of the N.P.P. staff relented and granted us entrance, but by then we had missed most of Jesus Lizard.

Nirvana ripped through a killer set, covering a lot of material from their classic *Beach* album, as well as some newer stuff. Tight as a mosquito's ass, Nirvana demonstrated why they are one of SubPop's premier bands.

Dinosaur Jr., on the other hand—dull, dull, dull, so bloody dull. The first song seemed a bit interesting, but soon they degenerated into a "REM on steroids" vibe. After five or six songs, we decided that the only viable alternative was to have a beer at the bowling alley down the street. Yawwwn.... —MYCHAEL TOLVER

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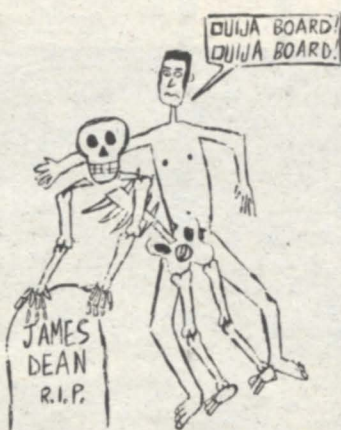
Morrissey

June 15: Paramount Theater

English pretty-boy new wave isn't exactly my cup of tea, but I have tremendous respect for the fact that our misguided American public goes absolutely bonkers over anything British. The Smiths were at least tolerable, but now Morrissey seems to have become even more of a drippy glamour-poop than he was before. However, I guess that's excusable when you pack concert venues and sell lots of records. And if the show's at least unique and entertaining, all the better.

You might think it's all glamour, fun, and games to be hired to do a live concert recording. Schmoozing backstage with the band, meeting famous people, sex, drugs, rock 'n' roll.... WAKE UP!....we were the first people there and the last ones to leave. We hauled in two jillion miles of cable and ran it all over the place so that we could set up a whole 24-track studio in a cramped little van, we

worked like dogs, sweated like pigs, then turned around and did it all over again only in reverse. The most glamorous part was eating off a stale deli tray with the lighting crew down in the boiler room....



Morrissey having sex with James Dean's Bones over his grave.

By King Scratchie

But as for the show, it was a whole different story. Fans crowded the back alley and stage door all day long. Morrissey arrived minutes before going onstage (thnx for blowing off sound-check, hot shot), and when he hit the stage it began to rain flowers in a constant stream that lasted all night. Girls (and even a few sick guys) climbed over each other to storm the stage and hug Morrissey briefly before being tossed out of the show. The monitor engineer said that in several towns he would make money by betting the venue staff that their security force couldn't keep people offstage. The band rolled around the stage almost spasmodically, knocking over each others' mike stands, and when it was all over the stage was a sea of mushy flower-pulp which made the job of unhooking and rolling up two jillion miles of cable even more fun and glamorous. —FRANK RONCALIO

Photo by Christopher Henning



Aldo Nova

June 18: Bangles

It's too bad that Bangles has gained almost a monopoly in the small venue concert scene. As a bar it's passable, but as a concert venue it generally sucks. Sure, you can see great bands in an intimate setting, but you have to fight your way through swarms of hair to do it.

Such was the Aldo Nova show. When we got there at 10 p.m. the bar was packed. Was it because people actually like Aldo Nova or because it was only a buck to get in? After suffering through two hours of heat, sweat, silicone injections and typical cover-band material, we were finally rewarded with Aldo's appearance. Moving to the staircase to get some photos, we encountered two self-appointed wanna-be Bangles bouncers (one a nagging, bar-bitch-bimbo) who kept insisting that we couldn't stand there. So much for the power of the press.

Anyway, back to the show itself. Aldo Nova opened the show with "Modern World," one of the better songs on the new album. Then he continued with "Monkey on Your Back," a song from his second album, which sounded like it was re-

worked a bit (from what I vaguely remember of the original song). He continued down nostalgia lane by playing the radio standard "Fantasy," adding a nice twist to the song by playing the first verse solo and acoustically, and then kicking in with the rest of the band. The crowd loved both versions and sang along through the whole thing.

The rest of the set consisted of songs from *Blood on the Bricks*. One of my favorite songs from the album, "This Ain't Love," sounded as good live as it does on tape. In fact, almost all the songs sounded exactly like the recording. Maybe it has something to do with the fact that unlike his previous efforts, he had musicians beside himself playing on this album. All in all it was a decent, if not short, show. For being out of the rock scene for five years, he plays like he's never been gone. With as little as I actually saw of the show (because I was busy navigating my way through the mounds of Spandex-covered cellulite), I could have stayed home and listened to the tape for the same audio effect and had a much better time.

—LAURA HENNING



Christy McCool

May 9: Mercury Cafe
May 10: The Broadway

Christy McCool is an L.A. band with Denver roots. Lead vocalist Thomas "Tree" Murray was the drummer/vocalist of The Trees, a legendary Denver proto-funk band that went to California seeking fame and fortune.

Tree returns with a band made up of musicians who lived in the apartment building he managed in Los Angeles. The emphasis is on high volume, high energy rock and roll with more than a bit of punk attitude. Clambering onto the stage in his entlike green fuzzy coat, Tree dominated the stage at the Merc, his head seeming to almost touch the ceiling.

"Mo Fo" opened the set, as it does their album *Lovelier Than the Queen of England*, and it was immediately apparent that the P.A. system was not up to the task. Tree's snarling vocals were all but lost along with Jason D.'s guitar work. All I could hear was Neil McAnally's bass thump with Bobby Breton's cymbal crashes over the top.

The band was obviously frustrated, but carried the show off successfully, although at one point recom-

mending that if people *really* wanted to hear them play, they should check them out the next night at the Broadway. So I did.

The Broadway was better suited to the explosion and energy of Christy McCool. Not only was the sound better, but the crowd had more energy and the band responded in kind. It was interesting seeing how essentially the same tunes could have such a different effect in two different venues on two different nights.

Songs from the album were mixed in with a few new songs, the centerpiece always being Tree's cynical, sneering vocals and towering stage presence. A few women even worshipped momentarily at Tree's feet during the Merc show, and might have the next night had there been room on the dance floor for prostrate worshippers.

It's great to see local talent come back through town after signing record deals out in L.A., even if they don't come back with the bands they left with.

—KBG

RADIO FREE

RADIO FREE COLORADO





Photo by Andrew Frey

:ZOVJET FRANCE:/Coyote Palace

May 29: Mercury Cafe

Tonight's event at the Mercury was avant-garde art through and through. It certainly wasn't the funnest show I've ever been to, but it was a heady and artistic evening for those seeking truly alternative entertainment.

Coyote Palace, a four-piece instrumental group consisting of two guitars, bass and drums, opened the show. Very jazzy, very King Crimson, and very improvised, these guys listen intently to what the others are playing. What comes out of the band are tight, weird grooves topped with atonal Frippish guitar runs and sound effects. But the band is not just making noise; they seem to know what they're doing. I saw their bassist playing stand-up with a more traditional jazz group downstairs at the Mercury a few weeks ago. Their drummer also exhibits the restraint of a highly accomplished jazz player, and is the cornerstone of the group's solidity.

Next were two films by world-famous filmmaker and CU professor Stan Brakhage. Brakhage's style is non-narrative and utilizes focus and single-frame effects in conjunction with editing that is often fast-paced. It was a special treat to experience the Brakhage films with soundtracks (he usually works without sound), as well as in a club setting.

One of the films, *Loud Visual Noises*, single framed a local band (Architect's Office, I believe) in their rehearsal room and took the viewer on a fast-paced trip around what looked like Boulder. The avant-garde soundtrack was credited to Die Totliche Doris, :Zoviet France, Nurse With Wound, The Hafler Trio, Joel Haertling & I.H.T.S.O. The other film, *Kinderling*, was a study of some children playing in a yard. The combination of a slightly

out-of-focus effect with patches of reflected sunlight made it memorable for me. Architect's Office did the soundtrack, which was similar to the Loud Visual Noises music.

Lastly was the set by :Zoviet France. These Englishmen definitely had something, but had lost me long before they were through playing. The three members knelt at the back of the stage behind their instruments and were bathed in a red light. The front of the stage featured a costumed dancer with green skin in a mask and ragged clothing and can only be described as Nordic Martian. She was a stunning sight.

:Zoviet France: sounds most like old Tangerine Dream and Goblin. The synths drone beneath echo-laden whistles and homemade percussion and wind instruments. One guy was tapping with something on the strings of a violin that lay beside him and also played some kind of electric jaw harp. To these sounds, Ms. Nordic Martian slowly moved and stared around expressionless and apprehensive. Her dance changed little throughout the set, which was one continuous piece of music.

My impression is that the :Zoviet France: experience is meditational and trance-inducing rather than a dynamic progression of music with dance. If there had been more props, use of lights and/or other dancers and more changes in the music, this would have been a killer show. As it was, many of the audience members near the front were lying prone and appeared to be half asleep (I know I was). What started off as an intriguing set became redundant and difficult to get through if you weren't in the R.E.M. stage.

—SCOTT STRATTON

"Free Jazz" must be a misnomer; you always pay some kind of price....

Dealing with hyper promoter Alex Lemski is one such cost; e.g., his insistence in determining, virtually, CMM's entire business plan before he'd issue us simple press passes. But, to give credit where credit is due: Lemski and Creative Music Works provide unique listening experiences, having sponsored interesting, exploratory jazz shows for a few years now. A case in point: the recent Joseph Jarman/Andrew Cyrille event.

Jarman is an acknowledged "free" jazz master. However, my one *Art Ensemble of Chicago* album, which Jarman participates on, didn't prepare me for his current staid approach.

Nevertheless, Jarman's a striking sight—head shaved and dressed all in white like a martial artist (which he is); he began by chanting "Love What You Are." He then began playing his flute and intentionally making spitting-rhythmic sounds with his mouth off his instrument. Drummer Cyrille pounded his feet on the floor, tapping objects with his sticks, too, before steadily settling behind his kit.

Jarman wove continuous streams of his peculiar expression, sometimes on flute, sometimes sax, centering up on his toes, exhaling sound out to the audience. Some titles included "Moon Over Sand," an Arabesque number, and "Man of Wonderfulness." As a fun aside, the two dipped into jazz's Marching Band past, playing "Mama's Little Baby Loves Short Bread" as Jarman shuffled across the stage—then permutating off into something else. Jarman also played a couple of saxes at one time, *a la* the late Sax deity Roland Kirk, and two Coltrane tunes.

The highlight occurred when Jarman/Cyrille were joined by the opening, the local Ron Miles Trio, plus its welcome guests, saxophonist Fred Hess and pedal-steel player Glenn Taylor. The flashy members of the trio—drummer Rudy Royston and bassist Fontaine Burnett—are sure to go as far as their talented and shyly expressive trumpeter/leader, Ron Miles, who's already carving a major reputation in the region and nationally.

While CMM had to aggressively pursue passes to the Jarman/Cyrille gig, Lemski aggressively hounded us about covering his next show: Myra Melford.

"Her music flies, floats," Lemski explained introducing her to the audience. "If you don't understand it, that's just as equal...."

Melford played a more cerebral jazz, when compared to the long-winded, somatic approach of her former teacher, Joseph Jarman. Her hands dexterously flew across the keyboard, doing "Charley Brown"-like runs, diminutive constructions wavering with vibrato on her tune "Shout." You can almost imagine her brainy, sometimes silly style from the song title "Frank Lloyd Wright Goes West to Write." Another former teacher of hers, Art Lande, played stiff but competent drums, and Dwight Killiam resounding, bowed bass.

I left midway during Melford's second set, glad I'd seen her, but feeling overworked listening to her music. This time, I'd paid the price for being on the "cutting edge." So, I flew—floated—my way out of Jazz Works. —GREGORY DAURER

Joseph Jarman/Andrew Cyrille The Ron Miles Trio Plus

May 18: New Dance Theater

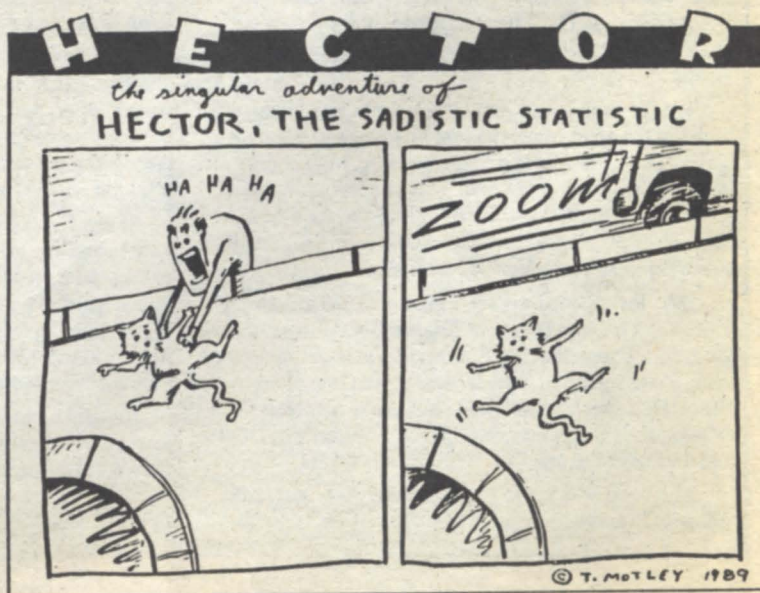
Myra Melford

June 13: Jazz Works



Photo by Gregory Daurer

Joseph Jarman



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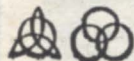
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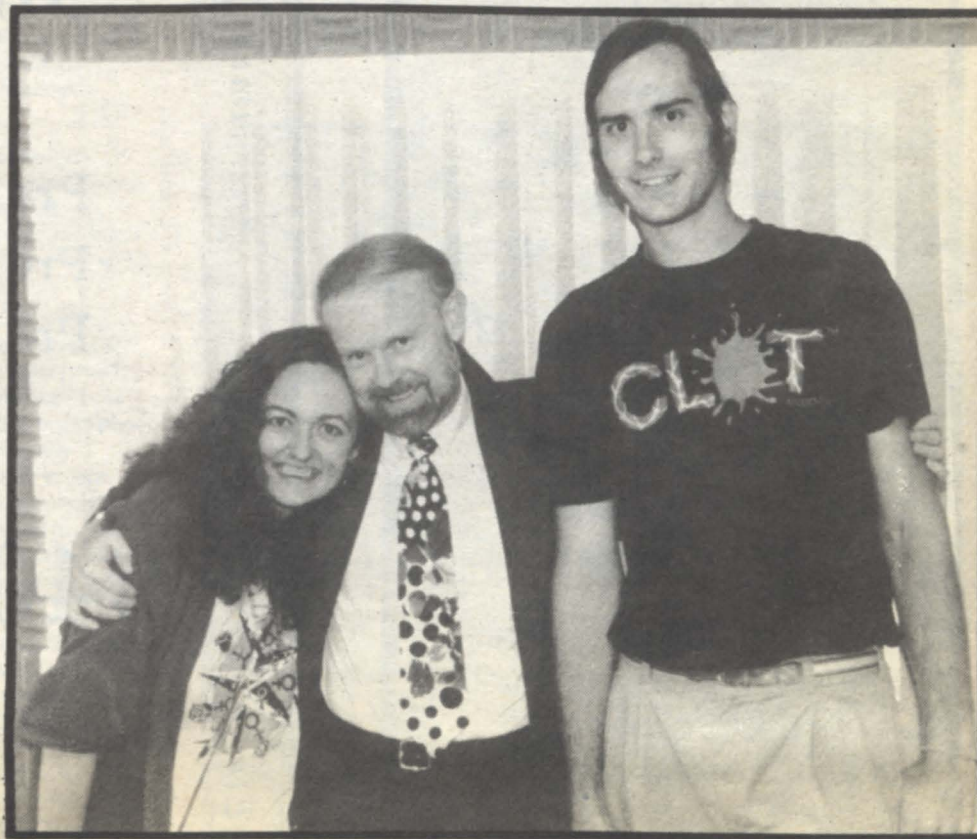
By Frank Roncalio

HOLY BOB KNOB JOB: Tired of paying huge tax bills? Sick of sucking up to a grouchy boss? Want a job with power and prestige, where you call the shots? Start a Christian ministry! It's fun, profitable, legal, and only slightly immoral. Yes, you too could dish out the food of religious enlightenment to the millions of lost and hungry souls stupid enough to think that sending you money has anything to do with salvation. Send me \$111.56, and I'll tell you how to get started right away! Better yet, send me just \$426.38, and I'll send you a "Jesus was a biker" button, a "get out of hell free" card, and some music that'll make you wish all 16 Pope Gregorys were opening for Morbid Angel.

Actually, the world would be a much better place if more people would take God seriously. But it takes all kinds, so to speak, and along with a lot of time-honored legitimate religious organizations, we have a lot of intolerant, self-righteous, babbling assholes. You know the ones I mean, polluting the airwaves with misguided evangelism until they get caught with their pants down or their hands in the till. Not the peaceful, quiet, friendly old church your granny goes to, but the loud angry one that uses modern technology along with old-fashioned tactics like hate, fear, anger, and guilt to manipulate the well-meaning but weak-minded listener (or viewer) into contributing money to a ministry that is, at best, self-perpetuating.

Send me just \$426.38, and I'll send you a "Jesus was a biker" button, a "Get Out of Hell Free" card, and some music that'll make you wish all 16 Pope Gregorys were opening for Morbid Angel.

I'm sure that God will forgive these guys, especially if even one lost soul becomes a decent Christian, and I really doubt he'll mind my poking fun at those who misuse the power of his word. That's just my way of making the bad guys a little more tolerable. There are a number of ministries that use rock music to spread religion, but there are infinitely more who insist on attacking the music as being evil. Sure, you can try to blame rock and roll for the death of some poor kid. But in most cases, you'd be more accurate to blame drugs, drunk driving, peer-pressure, fast cars, carelessness, lack of education, or idiotic, dysfunctional parents. A kid with problems is a prime candidate for a group like the Moonies, because they offer the kid something to belong to and be a part of, just like various cults, Cub Scouting, sororities, or the U.S. Marine Corps offer a sense of belonging, productivity, or self-worth. A parent who just lost a kid to accident or suicide is also a good target, because blaming heavy metal



For love or money? Radio "Reverend" Bob Larson (dig that groovy tie!) gives Talk-Back guests Rx and Andrew Frey a big, loving hug.

and suing Judas Priest is so much easier than dealing with the feelings of anger, or guilt about not doing more to prevent the tragedy in the first place.

Most of the not-so-righteous ministries hold people like these up as banners, using heart-wrenching tales of misfortune like so much advertising. Among those who have adapted the Devil's own tactics in the name of Christianity is one Bob Larson, infamous talk-show host and head of the Bob Larson Ministries. He claims to be "fighting fire with fire," but it seems to me that he's more concerned with radio-biz ratings and dramatic or provocative programming. He was rightfully upset when CMM's predecessor, CLOT, published a gory little drawing of his severed head on its cover. CLOT was perhaps just a little left of center and dealt mainly with hardcore rock (just like Bob), so naturally it made a juicy little stomping-object for his provocative radio talk show.

Our very own Andrew Frey and Roxanna Alday were invited to come on the air as guests, and recipients of what could only be described as a "Holy-Bob-Knob-Job." I listened to that particular show, and my main impression was that it was mostly bullshit. Well, actually only 35 percent bullshit. Or to be more factual, 43 out of 120 minutes were spent on Bob's form of advertising, seeking "Prayer Warriors" and "Thousand Dollar Heros." During those pathetic ads and stale, tape-recorded sob-jobs, our holy host was asking Andrew and Roxanna (who were very soft-spoken and polite) to please be more hostile. Listeners were oblivious to the fact that Bob was almost constantly on his gold-plated telephone with his disciples in the other room. This large staff of people would screen callers to help Bob come up

with just the right type of caller when he needed one, or provide Bible or song-lyric quotes and other seemingly instant ammunition.

While our editors remained calm, Bob raged on without any restraint or manners. He kept referring to his guests as "a back-slidden Four Square and a messed up Lutheran," or simply "witches." He interrupted guests and callers no less than 25 times. He spoke rudely with callers, calling them stupid or braindead. During a commercial, while he was off the air, Bob viciously reprimanded one of his staff members for allowing a caller to lie his way into what was presumably supposed to be a "pro-Bob" spot. (I think that's the caller he hung up on.)

This is to legitimate religion
what titty-dancing is to ballet.

The show was definitely provocative, and when I found out how things were really being handled behind the scenes, I almost burst my bladder laughing. This is not religion. This is not well-meaning people getting together to share their beliefs and revel in the good things God has given us. This is to legitimate religion what titty-dancing is to ballet. Except that erotic dancers have less to hide than Bob's talk show. I think Bob's show stinks, and has more to do with money than religion. His attacks on rock music are vengeful and intolerant. God would've spared Sodom and Gomorrah even if only a handful of good people lived there. That's a pretty tolerant attitude! Too bad people like Bob don't share it.

WRATHCHILD AMERICA



Photo by Bradley Ryan

Terry Carter

I'm not the biggest fan of thrash and speed metal. There are quite a few bands that I like, but on the whole I'm still just a rocker. One thrash band, however, definitely has that special sound: Wrathchild America. Their music, like the members of the band, is unique, intelligent, and very contagious. I managed to get a quick interview with the band before they opened for Pantera at the Gothic recently. Guitarist Jay Abbene unfortunately was off checking equipment.

¿ = Bradley Ryan (CMM)
B = Brad Divens (vocals, bass)
T = Terry Carter (guitars, vocals)
S = Shannon Larkin (drums, vocals)

¿ I really dig the band's sound. You guys have been together for almost 10 years. Is this the original group?

SL: We've been together for eight years and a couple months. And as far as our sound goes, we just try to be unique; we try not to sound like all the other thrash bands. And we grew up with melodic influences like Black Sabbath, Deep Purple, Rainbow, Thin Lizzy, AC/DC, Aerosmith. Then we started getting into the heavier Priest, Maiden days, then the whole D.C. hardcore scene. We're from the Baltimore/D.C. area. I listen to a lot of jazz, and Terry listens to a lot of blues.

¿ What do you do when people compare you to other thrash bands?

SL: Luckily, no one's ever really compared the band's sound to another thrash band, except maybe the vocals. On the first album they said he sounded like James Hetfield from Metallica. We never heard that—I mean, there's certain phrases he'll use that sound like it. Luckily, nobody's ever said, "you sound like this or like that," because not many bands go out in left field like we do.

¿ You were together for almost ten years. What finally broke you, since you were doing music that wasn't accepted?

SL: That was our benefactor. On the East Coast you had to play basically cover songs to get into clubs, so every band there played the same cover songs, while we would play different stuff, like Motorhead, or something people hadn't heard before. It took us so long to get signed because we were five-piece. When we finally dropped our bass player and put Brad on bass, we wrote a few songs. I think they were "Climbing the Walls," "Candy From a Madman," "Day of the Thunder," and "Silent Darkness," and we said, "this is the way we want to sound. This will do it for us."

¿ Brad, were you originally just singing?

BD: Singing and playing guitar. When they hired me I played guitar and sang, and eventually I went to just front. The three-guitar

thing was cool, but the band needed that visual thing. Now I'm on bass. But that's what I like; I like playing and singing. I like having something slung around my shoulders—like a woman.

¿ Brad, vocally when did you start? Do you consider yourself the frontman, or is the group a unit?

BD: I consider myself a frontman, not necessarily the frontman. I guess every band has a frontman, so yeah, I guess I would be considered that, but everybody in this band is very visual, so it's more like a group thing. I just have to be the one who sings and talks to the crowd. But vocal influences would have to be Henry Rollins, Steven Tyler, and Robin Zander. Even though I don't necessarily sing like those people, they influenced me. Also Bon Scott and Frank Sinatra.

¿ Your bio said that the group's got a lot of different influences. TC: We all seem to like the same things, but we each have our preferences, our own favorites.

SL: Terry's a loon; he'll listen to something different than I would listen to when I'm alone, but when we're together...we've been together for so long, we all like the same thing.

BD: Like today, Terry goes into a record store and buys a CD by Yanni. I go to the record store and I buy the Henry Rollins Band.

SL: The only CD I've bought on the tour is the *Geto Boys* and *Tubular Bells* by Mike Oldfield.

¿ Do you guys listen to your type of music when you're on the road?

BD: Thrash is something we listen to very rarely.

TC: It's like coming home from work if you're an accountant and looking over other people's books. Numbers aren't something you want to look at. You want to get something else, like a cold beer.



Photo by Bradley Ryan

Brad Divens

¿ How about the video "Surrounded by Idiots"? How long did it take to do that?

TC: Two days. Well, that was two videos.

¿ What was the other video?

TC: It's for the second single, "Spy."

¿ What's the story on "Prego"? It's kind of a hodgepodge.

TC: That's why we call the song "Prego." It's like a spaghetti sauce; you name it, it's in there. There were a lot of different kinds of musical influences in that song.

¿ What inspires most of your songs—do you want to get political, do you have something strong to say, or is it just whatever you feel like?

SL: It's all mood. A lot of the shit was done in the back of a van when we were touring. This van had no A/C, sweltering heat, you're doing 6 or 7 hour drives, and you have nothing to do but let your mind put down on paper what you're thinking.



Photo by Bradley Ryan

Jay Abbene

¿ Have you been writing much since this tour started?

TC: Yeah, I've got a lot more fucked-up things.

SL: But on the album after *3-D*, there's some lyrics that I wrote. We were off for a couple months waiting for *3-D* to come out, and that's a really weird time for me when we're off and not playing. I get stranded out.

¿ Did you enjoy doing the video or was it a pain in the ass?

SL: It was kind of weird. There was one part where it looks like we're moving in fast motion. We slowed the tape down half-speed to where it was going "S-u-r-r-o-u-n-d-e-d" and everything was real low sounding. All these people were out there walking behind us while we're playing half-speed looking around; it was embarrassing. They're looking at us thinking this is the way we sound. We sounded like Napalm Death.

¿ Was that just out on the street?

SL: Right in front of the Flat Iron building in New York City.

¿ So a lot of those people weren't hired as extras?

SL: No. At one point in the video you see an old man standing behind the kit looking at Brad; we didn't know he was there. We saw the video and said "check out the old man." It was fun. The "Spy" video will be on a rooftop in New York, black-and-white, eerie setting. A real nudie video.

¿ Who decides what the videos are going to be?

SL: We do. For the "Surrounded by Idiots" video we got so many directors. They'll hear the song and the lyrics and they will send us what they see, and they were all so stupid. We ended up saying what we wanted the video to look like.

BD: The mud was our idea. We wanted to do the whole video in mud, but they said you've got to have something else in there. We wanted to use a lot more mud....

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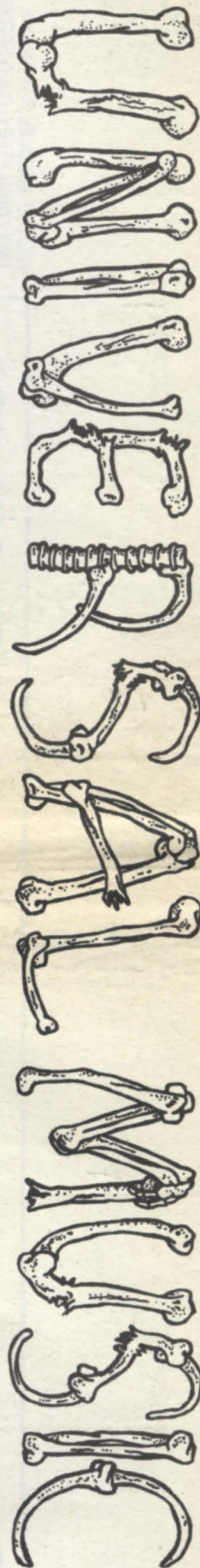
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JULY

WEDNESDAY 3

THE JONEZ, THE SIMPLETONES & "SOMEBODY ELSE" at The Garage.

THURSDAY 4

GATHERING OF THE TRIBES w/ X, PRIMUS, FISHBONE, HOODOO GURUS, EPMD, KING'S X, STEVE EARLE, THE MIGHTY LEMON DROPS, YO YO, JOHN WESLEY HARDING, JOHNNY LAW & THE JONEZ at Red Rocks.

FRIDAY 5

SAIGON KICK w/ DOGS OF PLEASURE at The Garage.

SATURDAY 6

STYX at Fiddler's Green.
KIDD PHARAOH at The Garage.

SUNDAY 7

ZOON POLITIKON at Lions Lair.

THURSDAY 11

GUNS & ROSES w/ Skid Row at McNichols Arena.

BETTER HATED at The Garage.

FRIDAY 12

CHINA MY EYES at The Garage.

SATURDAY 13

CRASH WORSHIP at a junkyard near you.
AMERICAN MUSIC FESTIVAL w/ LITTLE FEAT, JOHN HIATT, RICHARD THOMPSON BAND w/ SHAWN COLVIN, NANCY GRIFFITH, LEO KOTIKE & JOHN GORKA, at Winter Park.

RUBBER NURSE at The Garage.

SUNDAY 14

STYX at Fiddler's Green.

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ROCK-AND-ROLL

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SKILL GAME

MOTORHEAD



"GIMME NO LIP"

LEMMY'S MOLES

ALICE APPLE

FAKE-HEALER
TWEEZERS

SATURDAY 27

BONNIE RAITT w/ CHRIS ISAAK at Red Rocks.

THE JONEZ at The Garage.

EINSTURZENDE NEUBAUTEN at the Gothic Theatre.

SUNDAY 28

BONNIE RAITT w/ CHRIS ISAAK at Red Rocks.

PETER HIMMELMAN at The Garage.

MONDAY 29

PETER HIMMELMAN at The Garage.

TUESDAY 30

SCHOOL OF FISH w/ THREE MERRY WIDOWS at The Garage.

WEDNESDAY 31

PETER HIMMELMAN at The Garage.

AUGUST

SATURDAY 3

REBA MCENTIRE (You saw her in Tremors, now see her in person!) w/ JOHN IMS at the Paramount Theatre.

SUNDAY 4

JAZZ ON THE ROCKS w/ DAVID SANBORN, TUCK & PATTY, DIANE REEVES & IMAGES at Red Rocks.

MONDAY 5

WRETCHED REFUSE at Lions Lair.

TUESDAY 6

STEVE MILLER BAND w/ ERIC JOHNSON at Red Rocks.

WEDNESDAY 7

STEVE MILLER BAND w/ ERIC JOHNSON at Red Rocks.

TUESDAY 16

OPERATION ROCK-N-ROLL w/ JUDAS PRIEST, ALICE COOPER, MOTOR-HEAD, DANGEROUS TOYS & METAL CHURCH at Red Rocks.

WEDNESDAY 17

I LOVE YOU w/ liquid Jesus at The Garage.

THURSDAY 18

THE ROCKES at the Boulder Theatre.

FRIDAY 19

TRIBE AFTER TRIBE at The Garage.

SATURDAY 20

WINTER PARK JAZZ FESTIVAL w/ DAVID BENOIT, THE NYLONS, THE RIP-PINGTONS w/ RUSS FREEMAN, MARCUS ROBERTS GROUP, BELA FLECK & THE FLECKTONES & DAVE KOZ at Winter Park.

FRAZIER CHORUS w/ STEVE CRUZ & POP POVERTY BLUES at The Garage.

GEORGE THOROGOOD AND THE DESTROYERS w/ Special Guest at Red Rocks.

NRBQ w/ TRUTH OF THE MATTER at the Mercury Cafe.

SUNDAY 21

WINTER PARK JAZZ FESTIVAL w/ GRP ALLSTARS featuring LEE RITENOUR, DAVE VALENTINE, DON GRUSIN & ERNIE WATTS; SPYRO GYRA, STANLEY JORDAN, OTTMAR LIEBERT & MARK WHITFIELD at Winter Park. NIXONS at Lions Lair.

MONDAY 22

DOGS OF PLEASURE at The Garage.

TUESDAY 23

BATON ROUGE w/ TATTOO RODEO & DOGS OF PLEASURE at the Gothic Theatre.

THURSDAY 25

VIBE TRIBE at The Garage.

FRIDAY 26

BETHNAL GREEN at The Garage. CONSOLIDATED w/ MEAT BEAT MANIFESTO at the Gothic Theatre.

WISH BONE



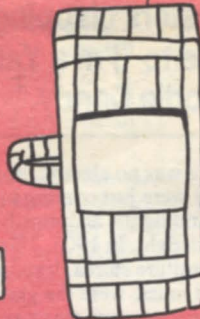
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THURSDAY 8

SISTERS OF MERCY w/ PUBLIC ENEMY, GANG OF FOUR & WARRIOR SOUL at Red Rocks.

FRIDAY 9

GLORIA ESTEFAN & MIAMI SOUND MACHINE at McNichols Arena.

WEDNESDAY 14

ALLMAN BROTHERS BAND at Red Rocks.

CHICAGO at Fiddler's Green.

CLUB MTV TOUR w/ BEL BIV DEVOE, TONY/TONITONE!, C&C MUSIC FACTORY, GERARDO, COLOR ME BADD & TARA KEMP at McNichols Arena.

SATURDAY 17

STING at Red Rocks.

SUNDAY 18

STING at Red Rocks.

FRIDAY 23

REGGAE ON THE ROCKS w/ BURNING SPEAR, STEEL PULSE, DREAD ZEP-PLIN & THE SAMPLES at Red Rocks.

SATURDAY 24

JAZZ ON THE GREEN w/ NANCY WILSON, JOE WILLIAMS, FREDDIE HUBBARD, STANLEY TURRENTINE & JIMMY SMITH at Fiddler's Green.

BLUES ON THE ROCKS w/ B.B. KING, ETTA JAMES, BUDDY GUY, ALBERT COLLINS, JOHN HAMMOND & BIG HEAD TODD & THE MONSTERS at Red Rocks.

SUNDAY 25

LOLLAPALOOZA arts/entertainment/information festival featuring JANE'S ADDICTION, LIVING COLOUR, BUTTHOLE SURFERS, SIOUXIE & THE BANSHEES, NINE INCH NAILS, ICE-T & THE ROLLINS BAND at Fiddler's Green.

SEPTEMBER

MONDAY 2

DAVE MASON, THREE DOG NIGHT & STEPPENWOLF at Fiddler's Green.

WEDNESDAY 11

PAUL SIMON "BORN AT THE RIGHT TIME TOUR" w/ FEATURED SOLOIST: MICHAEL BRECKER at Red Rocks.

THE ETERNAL TROUBADOUR SPEAKS

Tiny Tim Walks Down Memory Lane With Boyd Rice



Had someone wandered into one of Tiny Tim's Denver shows by accident, they might well have thought they'd happened into some sort of crazed revival meeting. And indeed it was a revival meeting: Tiny Tim was reviving some of the best tunes of the century, with a special emphasis on the music dating from 1905 through the Twenties and Thirties. Everyone's been exposed to Tiny's 1968 hit "Tiptoe through the Tulips," but few are aware of the full extent of his talents.

Besides being a musical/cultural ecologist committed to preserving a unique and rapidly vanishing slice of the American past, Tiny is also a showman *par excellence*. When performing, Tiny claims, he at times feels as though he is in direct contact with the spirits of history's great personalities—and it sometimes seems as though their voices are emanating from his mouth. Those who witnessed Tiny's Denver shows would find it difficult to take issue with such an idea, for at times it was hard to tell who was in a greater trance state, Tim or his audience. On all three nights, at every show, the audience was literally whipped into a frenzy.

Many who came to see Tiny perform at Ruby had no idea what to expect, and it's safe to say that what they got was probably the surprise of their lives. Instead of an evening spent giggling at some campy pop icon, they were transported into another world. For an hour or so, Ruby was transformed into an alternate universe; we, the audience, became the special guests in Tiny Tim's world. Who would have believed it: an entire room full of jaded hipsters clapping in time to "I'm a Yankee Doodle Dandy," while at the rear of the club a handful of young beauties leapt to their feet and began doing frenzied go-go dances. It was a wild, wild time, and nobody wanted it to end.

The following interview with Tiny Tim was conducted on June 6 and 8 (before his first show and after his last show).

Tiny Tim: I'm talking to the wonderful Mr. Boyd here in beautiful Denver on June 6th, 1991, and right now Denver time is 5:30 p.m.

Boyd Rice: Some of the greatest influences you've had on the public consciousness has been with some of the more offbeat things you've done, and that's what made the biggest impact back in '68. That's what they were cognizant of then, and that's what 99.9 percent of the people remember still. But there's this whole other spectrum of stuff that you do that hasn't really been picked up on.

T.T.: That's true. And you know what, Mr. Boyd? We don't know if it will ever be picked up on. I was very fortunate to make it once in '68 and '69, thanks to some good taste out there. And I made it with the high voice, the novel approach. Originality is the key to success in any business. Many people didn't like it, some people did like it, but whatever it was, it was original enough to make it. And originality is what this business has always needed, whether it's Rudy Vallee, or Madonna, the early Sinatra in 1942 when they were raging in the streets over him...in this business originality is the key to success. And I came up with the "Tiptoe" hit, and the way it sounded—it was a little different, and so that's what people remembered. Anything that deviates from that isn't really accepted by the

When performing, Tiny claims, he at times feels as though he is in direct contact with the spirits of history's great personalities.

public, at least in this business. You come up really with one identity, and usually you last with one identity. So I don't try to change anybody. When I do songs in the lower register, I'm not trying to say, "Look here, I have all this range, and can sing lower too." One thing is, I can't go on doing the higher register predominantly, because my voice no longer permits it. Meanwhile, I use the lower register to show them the works of other great artists of years gone by.

Boyd: Well, it seems like you use the high voice when it's appropriate.

T.T.: Right.

Boyd: And you use the low voice when it's appropriate, and sometimes you do the duets, alternating between high and low.

T.T.: Wow. You really *are* into this aren't you?

Boyd: Absolutely! You hold the world's record for non-stop singing. What's that all about?

T.T.: I love the idea of non-stop singing. Anyplace that will let me sing non-stop, I'll go and play there. In fact, I'm headed to Hollywood after Denver, to break my own record. I want to sing for four hours straight, non-stop.

Boyd: And your previous record is what?

T.T.: My previous record was set in London, England. I sang for three hours and ten minutes!

Boyd: Wow!

T.T.: Yes, and the tapes are available from an Australian fellow named Martin Sharpe. He's put out several records by me down there, has nine mansions he lives in and has one whole room set aside as a Tiny Tim shrine/archive. He has movie footage of me and is going to release a Tiny Tim movie sometime or other.

Boyd: I've always wanted to see your first movie, *You Are What You Eat*. What was that about, and who has the rights to it now? It seems a perfect item for the video market.

T.T.: You know, I don't know what ever became of that. We did that back in...[at this moment, a bizarre Tim admirer interrupts the conversation, demanding, of all things, an autograph inscribed with the quote from Dante's *Inferno*: "Abandon hope all ye who enter here." Tiny has no idea what the guy is getting at, and chaos reigns for the next several minutes, as the fan attempts to clarify his strange request.]

Boyd: I know that even when you first became famous, you had al-

ready collected thousands of old 78's.

T.T.: Oh, they were great songs! Going back to Edison's day, the 1900's, the days when they had one-sided 78's, from 1902 to 1909. Back in 1904, the phonograph was a mysterious instrument in the home.

Who would have believed it: an entire room full of jaded hipsters clapping in time to "I'm a Yankee Doodle Dandy."

There was no electric, no plug-ins. They were just coming in with electric lights, and mostly there was candlelight. In 1905, 78's were sold in furniture stores. Vaudeville and sheet music were the giant things. The phonograph was a novelty. To hear a voice come out of a horn with a little arm and a pin needle was a

magnificent miracle. In the time period of 1905, when the average salary was three to ten dollars a week and a John MacCormack record sold for a dollar twenty-five—that was a lot of money to pay for one side. A Billy Murray was every bit as big as Mr. Sinatra, or Mr. Presley or Mr. Crosby. In those days, when you purchased a record, you wanted to hear it first, because it was such a big investment. Billy Murray was so popular that people bought his records without listening to them first.

The most popular ballad singer before electric came in was Henry Burr. He did a song called "Mother" and was every mother's favorite singer [at this point Tiny cups his hands around his mouth and belts out the lyrics to "Mother"]: "M is for the million things she gave me...", etc.). Another song he made famous during World War I was [Tiny picks up his ukelele and starts plucking away]: "Just a baby's prayer at twilight/When lights are low/And baby is all filled with tears/There's a mother there at twilight, who's sad to know/Her precious little tot is dad's forget-me-not/After saying goodnight mama, she climbs the



Photo by Andrew Frey

stairs, so unawares and says her prayers/Oh won't you tell my daddy, that he must take care/That's a baby's prayer at Twilight/For her daddy over there."

Boyd: When did you first start singing?

T.T.: Oh, I've been singing since the Thirties. Well, since I was a kid. The '30s, '40s, '50s. Down memory lane....

Boyd: When did you take up the ukelele?

T.T.: That was '54. I learned through a book called *You Too Can Learn To Play the Ukelele* by Don Ball and Arthur Kinds. This ukelele I'm playing now is a real good one; it's a Martin. It's 50 years old. It's put together really good; hopefully it will last another day.... You know the most popular ukelele record in this country in the Twenties was Cliff Edwards' "Ukelele Ike"? Arthur

Anyplace that will let me sing non-stop—I'll go and play there.

Godfrey revived it in the '50s, but "Ukelele Ike" in the '20s and Cliff Edwards was the greatest popular name associated with the ukelele in the early part of the century. They could really play then!

Boyd: Did you ever meet any of these people, like Nick Lucas or...

T.T.: Sure. Met him. He did "Tiptoe through the Tulips" earlier. Nick Lucas originally sang "Tiptoe through the Tulips" in 1929 for the "Golddiggers of Broadway," one of the early technicolor sound movies. Nick Lucas was one of the first people in 1920 to popularize the acoustic guitar. Before the '20s it was not chic to play it in bands, but he popularized it, and later on he had the Nick Lucas ukelele pick. Another song he made famous was this one. [Tiny picks up his ukelele and plays "Painting the Clouds with Sunshine"]. That was the backside of "Tiptoe through the Tulips." It was a #8 hit in 1930, and "Tiptoe" was a #1 hit in February of 1930. Nick Lucas was, in 1928, the #3 star in country. #1 was Rudy Vallee, #2 was Gene Austen, and #3 was Nick Lucas.

Boyd: These old songs are so amazing, yet you also throw in some rock and roll.

T.T.: Usually, when I'm being booked, these agents will tell them, "He does some rock and roll too," thinking that will get the booking. I always tell them it's "Down Memory Lane," but what I do usually depends on the venue. But if I feel the spirits of these great artists, from Crosby to Jolson to Mel Baker to Henry Burr—great stars of the past—if I sell these songs through the microphone, if I get a little spirit of their great voices, then it can change a night. Because these singers really sold a song. You see, tonight was a very interesting night. The other night I had to struggle more. It all depends on how the voice goes. But if I can get the spirits to sell the songs, then I can do anything. These songs were sung by great artists who were lost in the transition period between non-electric music in the '10s and '19s and electric music in the '20s. Stars like Billy Murray, from this city, who was called the "Denver Nightingale." From 1904 to 1919 he was America's greatest popular singer for Victor and Columbia records. It's a shame there's no statue of Billy Murray in this city. People like him were as huge in their day, as say, Elvis or the Beatles.

Boyd: And now they're forgotten.

T.T.: And now they're forgotten.

Boyd: That's why I refer to you as a musical ecologist. You're helping to preserve this stuff. Through you it lives.

T.T.: Thank you very much, Mr. Boyd. I'm sure trying. I love these old songs.

Boyd: Me too. What worries me is that there's probably only a handful of people who really remember this stuff, and unless definite steps are taken to call it back from limbo, from oblivion, it'll eventually be lost forever. Does it bother you to think that all this could just vanish into thin air, and we'll never be able to hear it again?

T.T.: [Waves his hand dismissively.] No, no, no, no. I'm not worried about that at all. We'll have plenty of opportunities to hear all of it again—in the afterlife.

For further information on Tiny Tim, send \$3 to the Tiny Tim Appreciation Society, Box 1009, Cedar Hill, Texas 75104

Photo by Andrew Frey



TINYMANIA

Tiny Tim Takes Denver By Storm

THURSDAY, JUNE 6th

4 p.m. (Time Approximate): Tiny Tim arrives at Stapleton Airport. He is greeted by Ruby impresario Tom Weis, at whose behest he has come to the Mile-Hi City.

4:30 p.m.: Tiny is ferried to Cherry Creek Mall, where his presence creates quite a stir. He shops for Max Factor pancake makeup at Neiman Marcus. Sexy Sydney Kovac (head of Visual Merchandising for Neiman Marcus) nabs a Polaroid camera and has her photo taken with Tiny. She was later to comment that he was one of the "nicest, sweetest men" she had ever met.

6:30 p.m.: Ruby is chock full of patrons. The crowd is mostly hardcore Tiny supporters, with a scattering of curiosity seekers.

Despite 24 hours without sleep, Tiny is supercharged. He has the crowd clapping along, dancing, and screaming their lungs out. One of the most stunning portions of the show came when Tiny dedicated a song to The King of Rock and Roll. "I never got to meet Elvis in person, but he did convey his best wishes for my success. I'd like to dedicate this song to him. Maestro, in the key of G...." Tim's version of "Heartbreak Hotel" is a frenzied affair that must be seen to be believed. Tiny tore off his blazer, shook his hips, and went down on his knees waving his fist in the air. When the song ended, Tim was on his back kicking his feet in the air, and the audience was on their feet cheering: Total madness, total joy. His effect on the house was not unlike Elvis or Beatlemania. This was Denver's first taste of

Tinymania. And it was only the beginning....

9:30 p.m.: After 45 minutes of autographing records, posters and even a rare old copy of *Tiny Tim Magazine*, Tiny did his second set. A far larger crowd, more clapping, more screaming. Pure pandemonium.

11:00 p.m.: Legions of thrill seekers converge upon the Lions Lair to participate in their salute to Tiny Tim. The capacity crowd responded with hoots, hollers, and screams as Tiny Tim records were played for two straight hours.

FRIDAY, JUNE 7th

High Noon: Tiny Makes a tour of the Wax Trax record stores, paying special attention to their selection of rare 78's. He is amazed that records which would fetch \$100 to \$200 in New York can be had in Denver for a quarter. In the Wax Trax Oldies store, counter cutie Karen has Tiny autograph his only two singles left in the store. Karen's impression of Tiny Tim? "I love that man. He's sweet as pie."

4:00 p.m.: Tiny makes personal appearance on *Good Afternoon Colorado*.

8:30 p.m.: Tiny enters 23 Parrish like Daniel entering the Lion's Den. He commented, "This doesn't look like the sort of crowd that will appreciate 'You're A Grand Old Flag.'" It was with some apprehension that Tiny Tim took the stage, amid scattered jeers and catcalls. Unruffled, Tim introduced himself, explained something of his set and broke into his first number. In a few short minutes the crowd's demeanor underwent a drastic change. Soon excited hoots and cheers replaced any signs of cynicism and condescension. Tiny Tim's pure charm, sincerity and magnetism had won over completely what had seemed an impossibly hostile audience. Though his show was only a short 20 minutes or so, it no doubt left a lasting impression on all those present.

SATURDAY, JUNE 8th

5:00 p.m.: Tiny makes personal appearance on a local radio program, hosted by KOA radio personality Tom Something-Or-Other.

8:30 p.m.: Ruby is packed. Tom Weis introduces Tiny as "One of our favorite people on earth—the Eternal Troubadour: Tiny Tim." The crowd goes wild. Tiny's voice was in top form, and his supercharged delivery surpassed anything we had yet seen from him. Absolutely incredible!

10:30 p.m.: Tinymania has escalated to a fever pitch. Most of the first-show audience stuck around, and tons more came. The aisles were filled with a standing room only crowd. One of the show's highlights was Tiny's rendition of "I Got You, Babe," sung duet style, with Tim singing both Sonny and Cher's parts. His imitation of Sonny Bono's vocals was uncanny in its precision. The shows unquestioned high point came when Tim did an unbelievable medley of—believe it or not—Jerry Lee Lewis hits! Within seconds the dance-floor was flooded with couples rocking out. Not only that, people were dancing in the aisles, and even (I swear to God) on top of the bar! The medley received a standing ovation—one of at least half-a-dozen Tiny got that night. As three incredible days of Tinymania drew to a close, crowd members found themselves wondering when the Eternal Troubadour would next be visiting Denver. Ruby owners already spoke of having the Great One back sometime soon. Believe me, it can't be soon enough.

SUNDAY, JUNE 9th

Tiny Tim flies to Hollywood, hoping to set a new world's record for non-stop singing. Best of luck to you Tiny, and God Bless You.

—BOYD RICE

LOCAL BLOOD

Jon Sirkis

The Wild West

Boulder Folk Records
2888 Bluff St. Boulder, CO 80301

Boulder folkster Jon Sirkis expounds his radical-leftist/populist, blue-grass smokin' views humorously, producing toe-tappin' smiles rather than mournful disinterest. "In Jamaica," with its nice arc marimba touches (provided by Yolocamba Ita), poignantly presents the death of pristine Caribbean scenery: the makings of a tourist trap, the rats who nibble at the cheese. The rock rave-up "Think for Yourself" deals with a mind overloaded with Maxipad commercials. "The New Morality" posits Jerry Falwell as a paragon of virtue in a world where you piss in a jar for employment. I can't fault the two non-Sirkis compositions either: The hilarious Cold War melanoma-melodrama "Solar Kills" (a welcome addition to that fine lineage of boob-as-narrator folk songs) and the sappy, sentimental and thoroughly enchanting "Roseville Fair." "Aztlán," an instrumental, heaps a variety of styles together, from Spanish guitar to jazz violin to boogie piano. Unlike most folk offerings, the production is as rich as chocolate mole, the songs equally sweet and spicy. —GREGORY DAURER

Dogs of Pleasure

Demo

Original Projects Unlimited

I hate to dog the Dogs, but why they chose "My Momma's Sick" and "Daisy, Daisy" for a demo is beyond me. The effort is there, but the outcome leaves me dry. Leave these two dogs in the pound, and pick up some new pups. —BRADLEY RYAN

Michael Riversong

Kindness

Light Age

PO 36387, Lakewood, CO 80236

With 18 Riversong originals channeled through guitar, dulcimer, recorders and my favorite, the harp, this CD offers relaxation and relief from the work-a-day world of grinding hatred and metal mania. Some might label it "New Age," but with the images evoked by such mystical tinklings as "She Walks Softly Through Purple," "Ecstasy One" and "Walking on Clouds, Showering Gold on Everyone," I'm more inclined to call it "Ancient Age." I have experienced the magic of Riversong's spontaneous harp invocations at various gatherings, and while I can't say the recorded version is as powerful (there's really no substitute for live vibes), it soothes the soul and leads me tripping off into a kinder, gentler realm.... —ANALEA

Poison Bone

Trash Can Pussy

Booze Fighter Records

PO Box 101511 Denver, CO 80210

A cat in the garbage, right? Naw, it's Poison Bone's new '45, a power-trio speedfest backed with "Firecracker," a slower, sledging tune that features an actually discernable vocal. The songs are loud and obnoxious, with a crafted feel. Fury constructed into actual songs with admirable monotony-avoidance. —KRG



Filly McNasty

945 Lincoln Pl. Boulder, CO 80302

Hardcore funkadelia invades Boulder! These groovin' dudes pull off some happenin' riffs that are sure to erode your air space. Just like a duck with a lead tail, you'll be gettin' down and spasming on a nearby sidewalk. More than just a hint of the Primus sound is combined with a Bad Brains' attitude. Three songs are really only enough to get your navel wet, so I hope to be hearing from and seeing these wily bumpsters soon. —ANDREW E. FREY

Occams Razor

Demo

With new lead singer Ray Evans and revamped versions of "Full House" and "Sympathy for Lisa," Occams Razor is showing signs of maturity. The harder edge of their first release has been polished, and a more refined sound is shining through. Three new tracks help display a change for the better. —BRADLEY RYAN



Venus Walk

Demo

PO Box 2051, Boulder, CO 80306

A synth-based duo with mechanistic leanings, vocals partially obscured by mist, lyrics hinting at both despair and hope. The intros are ominous, the rhythms throbbing, the three-song tape too short. "Fiction" is my favorite, the rhythmic insistence broken by changes in texture, but "Supply and Demand" works too, danceable in a darker shade of Depeche. —KRG



Wretched Refuse

Lost

Sinister Syndicate

6520 Wadsworth Blvd., Arvada, CO 80003

Close your eyes and hear the growling, seductive voice of Glenn Danzig (if Danzig's inaccessible, early Jim Morrison will do). Bring in a thrashy slap-bassist with the dexterity and energy of Primus' Les Claypool, set off with a dose of aggressive two-and-a-half-chord hardcore—not the joke stuff, but the kind that naturally progresses into tight, complex musical units with no danger of dulling the blade.... Misfits, Samhain; the old Black Flag, with Henry Rollins screaming the bloody blues to the lightening guitar wizardry of Greg Ginn.... Enough already! The six songs on Wretched Refuse' gut-gripping demo, *Lost*, are evocative of all this and more. The "Sinister Syndicate's" live shows are both mesmerizing and frenzied, with the band creating an irresistible vortex for its all-too-willing audience. Just a sample of vocalist/poet Brian Hagman's "Lost" lyrics: "Say to heaven, I'm unclean... Carnivorous aberration, creation so obscene. For all things there is a season, for me it's eternity... I am the wolf. I am the one, I am the beast. I am Lycanthropus...." *Lost?* My ass! —Rx

Decimation

demo '91

The newest 3-song venture from Denver's own Decimation. A ruthless grindcore band that has its own heavy sound and speed to make your nuts fall off! I watch these guys rehearse almost weekly and I think they are very signable material. Strong dual guitar rhythms, crushing bass, vocals straight from the reaper himself; all combined with one of the fastest, most frenzied drum beaters to cross my eternal tune-seeking path. A very good 16-track production, well mixed with plenty of low end to spare. Bring your earplugs and chiropractor to check these dudes out!! —JEFF HARMSSEN

Third Mist

Demo

Crystal Palace Productions

With Third Mist's blend of keyboards, harmonies, and melodic guitar sounds, it's no wonder they've landed a spot on Star Search. The four-song demo doesn't do the band justice, they must be seen to be appreciated. —BRADLEY RYAN.

The Richies

Winter Wonderland

We Bite Records

Hell hath no facsimile like this gaggle of Ramonesesque Germans. These boys are rumored to be subsisting on meager amounts of exploding white mice pizza as they save up for reconstructive surgery. The Richies' distributor in Chicago tells me that Axel Schulze, their vocalist, is considerably shorter than Joey Ramone, so the cosmetic procedure is bound to be extensive and costly. Sympathizers should buy this album. —REGRETA

Paralysis

Demo '91

This is my pick for shredder of the week! New Orleans based Paralysis laid down 3 tracks of molten lava (not rock) with great finesse on all instruments and emphatic vocals that will be sure to storm your dreams and chase you endlessly down the road to ruin. With song titles like "Torso," "Mausoleum," and "Decomposed" (not the Repulsion ditty), these lads will have you out of your seat and on top of your grandma with a hammer! Bass tracks on the tape were done by Ian Foley, who, by luck, happens to live in Denver. I absolutely dig on this, their latest demo endeavor. It can't do any less for you than a chainsaw enema! Listen, learn, and die! —JEFF HARMSSEN

Queen

Innuendo

Hollywood Records

Woe to you if you haven't seen the vid for this awesome title track. This video alone is enough to give MTV a good name. It also shows that Queen haven't lost their sophistication and integrity. Steve Howe even plays on this song. Need I say more? *Innuendo* rivals *Prophet's Song* and *Mustapha* in majestic imagery. This is the best thing Queen has done in years and years. Freddie Mercury is still in a class by himself on vocals, and that Queen tongue-in-cheek hilarity is still there on tracks like "I'm Going Slightly Mad" and "Delilah." Brian May, rock's most underrated guitarist, still has it as well, and the cut "Bijou" prominently features his artistry. If "Headlong" is too commercial for you, then check out "Hitman." This is as heavy a tune as Queen has ever done, their early '70s classics not excluded. *Innuendo* sounds a lot more like *A Night at the Opera* than their previous disappointment, *The Miracle*. I don't think the band is planning to tour behind this release, so go out and buy *Innuendo*. Great cover art too! —SCOTT STRATTON

Crash Test Dummies

The Ghosts That Haunt Me

Arista

Loreli, break out the Evian and the brie. Don't let the "Gothy" illustration on the cover fool you; this is standard hippy-dippy stuff. This is the kind of pseudo Gaelic folk music that would make the programmer at KDHT cum in her Chino's. Brad Roberts' vocals are a bit forced; kinda sounds like he's pinching a major loaf while singing. Bland and repetitive throughout, this release would be ideal background music for yuppie male bonding rituals and romantic interludes at Brad's gentrified condo. Pass the whine cooler, please! —MYCHAEL TOLVER

The Big One

FS Records

Are you angst-ridden enough to listen to *The Big One*? This compilation hosts tracks from 12 self-professed punk rock bands, like so many stray animals...and four groupings of machinery with such titles as "Steel Pole Melvins Task Force." Fans of Steel Pole Bathtub, Melvins or Helios Creed should gravely contemplate purchasing a T-shirt in lieu of this record, for the musical gratification offered by the secondary packaging of said garment guarantees to postpone total disenchantment with the musicians. Parties more interested in the long-term effects of *Flipside* saturation in California's youth are offered more genuine renderings from local artists. If nothing else, anyone should be amused by the speed with which unwanted guests flee their homes upon hearing "Sinatra Mantra" by Victim's Family. —REGRETA



School of Fish

School of Fish

Capitol

Not another fish band! We already have a Fishbone, a Phish, and a Jellyfish, not to mention local swimmers Jellyfish Sandwich and Big Squid. But names aside, School of Fish has a lush two-guitar sound with a smooth mid-range vocal. The performance itself lacks a vitality that the U2ish songs could use. "Three Strange Days," the second cut, is an exciting exception to the album's generally riffless mood (a mood that did grow on me with consecutive listenings, though it has a groove that the other songs don't possess). I don't think the producer did a lot with this record. Many of the songs sound the same, possibly due to the sparse and dry-sounding drum programming. A live musician would perk a little life into the School of Fish sound. —SCOTT STRATTON

Napalm Death

Mass Appeal Madness EP

Earache/Combat

Here's the new prelude to the album EP. A great follow-up to "Harmony Corruption," with even better production. This will please new and old N.D. fans, with one side offering two new songs, "Mass Appeal Madness" and "Pride Assassin," while side two remakes "Unchallenged Hate" (*F.E.T.O.*) and "Social Sterility" (*Scum*). There's more techno-grind synchronizations and even more vocal changes and styles. A big boost music-wise for the band, and a pleasant surprise for us hate metal fanatics! —JEFF HARMSSEN

Loudness

On the Prowl

Atco Records

Having been Japanese in a previous life, there's a special place in my heart for Japanese metal. I liked "In the Mirror" best, but "Sleepless Nights" and "Never Again" satisfied as well. —BRADLEY RYAN

RECORD REVIEWS

Heathen

Victims of Deception
Roadrunner Records

I wouldn't recommend this one to pit fiend, but if your bag is gut-wrenching, bang-your-head kind-of-stuff, this precision metal album will definitely crumble the cartilage in your upper vertebrae. These power chord rhythm are crunchier than jawbreakers with solos of all speeds and delicacy. David Godfrey's clear, crisp vocal style accents this metal outfit to a sharp edge. Having line-up changes since before '86, it would be advisable to hold on to this one. This power assault is a metal must for all necksnappin' heathens. Still in a brace. —JOEL WILSON



Ziggy Marley and the Melody Makers

Jahmekya
Virgin

Rita Marley

We Must Carry On
Shanachie

Masterful—and mediocre—techno-“conscious” reggae from the Marley brood. Whereas ma Rita draws from her established roots, Ziggy and siblings break exciting new earth. Rita's *We Must Carry On* packs standard reggae-dance fare. Two “new” Bob Marley songs, “Who Colt the Game” and “Bus Dem Shut (Bredda Pyaka),” slightly enlivens it; although, her collaboration “Serious Time” (with disc producer Niney the Observer) vies for best cut with another Bob/Rita song, “I Know a Place.” The elder Marley flaunts a half-solid/halfhearted collection despite her intact, intent, and girlishly exuberant voice. David “Ziggy” Marley, his delicious-sounding sisters and the up-and-coming croaking (I mean crooning) of brother Stephen collaborate on the more realized project. The young Marleys stylistically have one foot in *Jahmekya* and one foot in the United States: rap and techno-funk are added to the reggae melting pot, as on the first single “Kozmik.” On “Raw Riddim,” the lyrics recall Bob's songs, like “Trenchtown Rock,” where the content pendulums between the lively and the dark. They've learned well from their dad's lessons; that's why they ought to avoid splicing so much of their father's lyrics into their own compositions, or adding a totally out-of-place musical sampling of Bob's classic “War” to the new song, “Drastic.” Other than that, I have no drastic complaints about Ziggy Marley and the Melody Makers, and plenty of compliments about their further maturing. —GREGORY DAURER

Fishbone

The Reality of My Surroundings
Columbia

Don't settle for faux power-funk bands; Fishbone can outgroove—and overdrive—even the Red Hot Chili Peppers on any given night. Their last effort, the closer-to-AOR-perfection *Truth and Soul*, rode like a Cadillac, with smooth, even production. On *The Reality of My Surroundings* there are less open spaces, more dents and confined mayhem—a demolition derby of fury on cuts like “Fight the Youth” and “So Many Millions.” Manic ramblings from the ghetto. And manly, as in the “heterosexual celebration” of “Naz-tee May'en.” Also, Fishbone delivers an inoffensive, springy pop gem and summer anthem: “Everyday Sunshine.” By contrast, I wish the disc's first video, “Sunless Saturday,” directed by Spike Lee, wasn't so drab and ineffectual; Spike, you can't treat these guys like they're in a Levi's commercial. Ordinary folk, they're not! Another extraordinarily diverse effort from the guys who surely don't care if the flies on their 501s are unbuttoned; like Public Enemy, the Fishboners have hard-ons for society. —GREGORY DAURER



Flat Duo Jets

Go-Go Harlem Baby
Sky Records

The Flat Duo Jets have emerged from a touring frenzy with the Cramps and Havana 3AM with the quintessential lullaby album for psychotics. *Go-Go Harlem Baby* opens with a relentless melee of psychobilly madness and winds down in the midway with a much-needed thorazine injection of “I Don't Know” and a soul-churning interpretation of Lee Hazelwood and Duane Eddy's “Stalkin'.” Their producer, Jim Dickinson of mesomorphic Stones and premenstrual Cramps anonymity, was so riled by duo Dexter and Crow that he decided to sit in on piano, making the dark side of rock and roll that much darker...Henry would have wound down from a night on the town with *Go-Go Harlem Baby* and a bottle of Wild Turkey, and so should his survivors. —REGRETA

Jellyfish

Bellybutton
Charisma Records

If you've listened the Beatles catalog into the ground, this album might provide some fresh fodder for your English pop yearnings. Having been somewhat of a Beatles fanatic growing up, I've always been protective of their legacy. I unconditionally hate all remakes of Beatles' tunes on principle, and I'm always ready to defend Paul McCartney, even though I don't buy any of his albums. It's obvious that the members of Jellyfish, particularly drummer/vocalist Andy Sturmer and keyboard player Roger Manning (who wrote or co-wrote all the songs), have done a bit of listening to the Beatles themselves. They've managed to capture many of the Fab Four's strengths (contagious melodies, lush vocal harmony, unexpected instrumentation), while also giving in to a few of their weaknesses (naive goofiness, syrupy choruses). In fact, half of the fun in listening to this Jellyfish album is picking out all the Beatles' songs that they copped. “The King is Half Undressed” starts out with the drum beat from “Tomorrow Never Knows,” snatches a bit of melody from “It's All Too Much,” and ends with vocal harmony right out of “The End.” But the songs do stand on their own, especially “Bedspring Kiss,” with its breathy vocal and snappy upright bass, and “She Still Loves Him,” which contrasts a sweet-sounding melody with a depressing tale of lost love. To the uninitiated, this music might be just more fluffy English pop, but for the Beatles fan, there's more than a little nostalgic value mixed in. —KGB

Mercury Rev

Yourself as Steam
Rough Trade

This NYC band follows in the sacred tradition of the Swans and the Velvet Underground. Introspective songwriting that reeks of angst and passion, complimented by feedback that seems to have a life of its own, makes for euphoric listening. All the diverse elements are effectively unified here. Warning: This tape can be addictive, for it refuses to leave my tape deck. Highly recommended. —MYCHAEL TOLVER



Rollins Band

Turned On
1/4 Stick/Touch...Go

Recorded live in Vienna, Austria in late 1989, this 15-song blast captures what vocalist Henry Rollins does best, which is performing in front of a crowd. For years Rollins has been on the road, first with seminal hardcore band Black Flag, then solo, on an extensive series of spoken-word performances (yeah, he can write, too). Rollins is a bluesman at heart, and his cover of R. Berry's “Crazy Lover” (also on Rollins' *Hot Animal Machine* album) shows his true colors. The current style is super-heavy, blues-based hardcore, and Rollins has put together a band that can handle it. —Rx



Skyclad

Wayward Sons of Mother Earth
Noise

In today's hideously over-saturated and commercial metal realm, one must search long and hard to find a band that's tolerable, much less listenable. It's also pathetic to consider how many bands are trying to cop that death, crush, grind attitude, and blaming/bragging that they rely on the “dark” forces that be to maintain their ah...power. There are virtually no bands that claim to be on the white-light side of Paganism. Why is this? Is the dark side more appealing? Do they consider white magic for women and black magic for men?

Fuck all that shit, and scope out Skyclad. Enjoyable and refreshing Celtic-based metal from Martin Valkyier and company, without all the bullshit. Valkyier was formerly the vocalist and primary writer for Sabbath, another Pagan metal band whose albums, like Skyclad's, pass on folktales from a time in history when sorcery and witchcraft (the “old religion”) were a common part of most people's everyday lives in England. His writing is clear, detailed and lively, creating scenes as vivid as those in any good fantasy novel. But with Skyclad, as with Sabbath's previous albums, these adventures come with equally compelling and inventive soundtracks. Folk-based rhythms evoke memories of the past while lyrics stir the imagination, transporting the listener into an informative and entertaining visit back to the days of dungeons and dragons, witches and wizards.

Skyclad doesn't dwell there, and neither can the listener. Once engaged in Skyclad's intriguing stories and inventive music, the abrupt transition from a 16th Century Celtic flute invocation to explosive cascades of intricate thrash-metal breaks seems less an intrusion than an aural reminder. It is often said that music carries a message. With Skyclad's dynamic, constant movement between traditional ballads and modern-day thrash, part of that message might be that while there is much to be learned from the ways of the past, we must also live and learn in the now. But even more importantly, we learn that in Skyclad's world—the realm of words, music, art and imagination—the doors are forever open.

I'm off to see the wizard! —ANALEA

Metal Church

The Human Factor
Epic

A MUST for your collection. All of the songs are kick-ass. “Date With Poverty” is my pick, but with the caliber of these songs, it was very hard to choose a best. Nuff said. —BRADLEY RYAN

Pitchshifter

Industrial
Deaf/Peaceville

Very good industrial noise, similar to Godflesh but done much better. Intricate rhythms with well planned-out changes make this album worth a listen. The vocals are low and grungy with a lot of lyrics to make a great contrast with the music. A definite addition to any alternative mind. —JEFF HARMSSEN

Ripping Corpse

Dreaming With the Dead
Maze Records

After listening to this tape quite a few times, I find the musicianship of Ripping Corpse to be quite tight and altogether enjoyable, unlike so much grind and death that tends to be the same. These guys stand out in their own unique way, with well executed riffs and great guitars complimented by the drummer's outstanding ability to combine difference with diversity. Just give “Beyond Humanity” a listen and feel the slow, nauseating flow of the middle section of the song. Another fact to note is that these guys produce great grind parts—but don't get carried away with it. The songs flow well and are just the right length. All in all, this is a great tape, and I suggest you pick this ripper up. —FARMY



The Law

The Law
Atlantic Records

Sometimes sexism pays. The other night I was at the Boiler Room, and purely by coincidence they were having a contest to decide who would bear the responsibilities and privilege of the title of "Miss Steinlager." Before the contest I played a trivia game, finishing second to Bill Husted of the *Rocky Mountain News*, and I was bummed. I saw my chance for victory in the next game, once the beauty contest started, since Husted was a judge. In between long, hard gazes at the *femmes* on display, I answered questions about Shakespeare and U.S. history. Distracted at first, I came from behind to win on the last question of the game. For my perseverance (and/or stupidity) in actually giving a shit about trivia while the babes bounced, a DJ from KAZY gave me a disc by The Law, a new band with a couple of familiar faces: Paul Rodgers and Kenney Jones. Jones had the unenviable task of trying to replace Keith Moon in the Who, but even before that was a founding member of the Small Faces, which later became simply the Faces, spawning the careers of rock dinosaurs Rod Stewart and Ron Wood. Paul Rodgers, as lead vocalist for Free and Bad Company, recorded some of the classic songs of the Seventies and Eighties. Jones and Rodgers are the only members of the band listed on the back cover of the disc.

I was intrigued by that, wondering what kind of sparse, avant garde sound they were going for with just a drummer and a lead vocalist. Alas, a full band of English studio studs plays on the album, most notably bassist Pino Palladino, while David Gilmour and Chris Rea poke their heads in for a song. The results are predictable: slick, commercial rock songs with the edge mostly beaten down by immaculate production, listenable in the extreme, with Rodgers' voice already so deeply ingrained in your head that the new tunes just flow right past your critical nature directly into your record collection. None of the songs strike me as memorable, although "Stone," with Gilmour's guitar sustaining on the periphery, and "Laying Down the Law" try the hardest to generate some genuine heat. Promo material for the album features a great shot of Farrah Fawcett wearing a sheriff's badge with The Law's logo on it. Nostalgia and sexism, Paul Rodgers and Kenney Jones, Farrah Fawcett's...what a pair. —KBG

Starz

Starz
Metal Blade Records

Agents of Fortune, *Boston*, *Cat Scratch Fever*, *Destroyer*, *Dreamboat Annie*, *Leftovers*, *Sad Wings of Destiny*, 2112. What do these have in common with Starz? All were released in 1976. But while Starz' first album—reissued along with their other three releases, by Metal Blade—shares a time period with the above albums, it doesn't share their classic originality. Weaned on '70s rock, I've been curious about this album since it first came out, but until now I'd never heard it. It can best be summed up as good-time commercial rock with a fair share of progressive and blues riffs interspersed throughout. Some of the songs are good, like "Pull the Plug," a blues pumper about the mercy killing of a comatose girlfriend, and "Tear it Down", which sounds like Elton John, but a lot of the material sounds too radio conscious and is less significant artistically than other releases at that time. Starz is not the best of what the '70s has to offer.

—SCOTT STRATTON

Paul Leary

History of Dogs
Rough Trade

This solo outing by the Butthole Surfers' guitarist stands firmly on its own two feet. Sure, there's a breath of the ole' Butthollian ethos here, however Paul's approach is more focused and direct. Overall, this is a swell collection of odd pop ditties with lots of neat effects and social commentary. I easily recommend this over Jeff and Gibby's *Jackofficers* effort. Mr. Leary may prove himself a force to be reckoned with.

—MYCHAEL TOLVER



The Greene String Quartet

The String Machine
Virgin

Edgy, somewhat mechanical modern chamber music with flashes of jazz, folk and even rock and roll is the forte of this quartet, headed by violin virtuoso Richard S. Greene. Their style is aggressively diverse, with influences as wide-ranging as Jean-Luc Ponty and Guns N'Roses. But don't let their cover of "Welcome to the Jungle" fool you. They may be having some fun, but they are serious musicians with serious chops, and most of the pieces have a more serious agenda. The Greene String Quartet might even be accused of slumming a little bit, forcing a popular rock tune onto the album just to sell a few more records. But a nice bunch of tuxedoed folks like this wouldn't try to do *that* to us, would they? —KBG

The Barracudas

The Barracudas
Capitol/EMI

A London surf band? Let lead vocalist Jeremy Gluck's liner notes explain that one. The song titles on this early '80s re-release, however, need no explanation. Tunes such as "Surfers are Back," "On the Strip," "Chevy Baby," "California Lament," and "(I Wish It Could Be) 1965 Again" speak for themselves. "Summer Fun," from 1980, features a barely audible Joan Jett on background vocals. There is also a great previously unreleased version of Burt Bacharach's "My Little Red Book" and loads of never-before-seen photos of the band in 1979. No left hooks here. As it says on the back cover—4 great guys, 3 great chords, 22 great songs.

—SCOTT STRATTON

Sabbat

Mourning Has Broken
Noise International

Knowing M. Walkyier (vocals) had cruised the band leaving only two original members, I had my doubts as to their present sound. What a waste. I found myself fast-forwarding through all the songs trying to find a fast part, and next thing I know, it's over. The vocalist proves to have a good wide range voice similar, but lacking the equivalent to that of Fates Warning or Queensryche. Not a bad sound, but not a Sabbath sound. The guitars sound as though you're in the next room getting the muffled remains. Even if you're a fan of the two bands mentioned above, I wouldn't guide you in Sabbath's direction. It just pissed me off to see another good band go down the shitter. NO!!!

—JOEL WILSON



Dread Zeppelin

5,000,000
I.R.S.

Yes, this is the band that is infamous for their Zep covers, which they do to a reggae beat and with an Elvis impersonator on vocals. Sure, if you're a diehard Ledhead, you may not appreciate the "gods" being so strangely portrayed, but if you are tired of "getting the Led out," maybe you need to change to unleaded....Anyway, don't think they only re-do Zeppelin tracks. Old Bob Plant was never heard bubbling out the vocals to "The Train Kept A-Rollin," or delving into a whipped up version of Bob Marley's, "Stir It Up." And if worse comes to worse, you can check out the songs that the band actually wrote, like "Do The Claw," and "Big Ol' Gol Belt." The very rasta-fied "Stairway To Heaven" must be spun before the spell is begun. You may cry, you may laugh, but in the end, put a little lemon on 'em, and power-slam the reggae on home!

—Andrew E. Frey



Carnage

Dark Recollections
Necrosis/Earache

More death metal mayhem from the European Tomb, or should I say "Entombed." These guys are heavy and sound like fairly good musicians, but their whole sound; all the way from the studio to the members, is just like a band we've all heard before. I won't mention any names, but I think you can figure it out. Good for the collection, but nothing new. —JEFF HARMSSEN

The Fixtures

Defect

Ever been drawn to the speedy guitars of thrash, but were so repelled by the nihilistic lyrics you thought you were destined to an eternity of Bruce Cockburn records? The Fixtures may be the answer for you! *Defect* is politically correct, sensitive, and integrity-ridden thrash that should convince anyone that the apocalypse is near. While genuinely succeeding in their craft, The Fixtures pose the eternal question, "If a skateboard falls on the pavement, does anyone care?" —REGRETA



Richard Thompson

Rumor and Sigh
Capitol

Joe Jackson

Laughter & Lust
Virgin

These two English singer/songwriters have been around for a long time, but their careers are rooted in very different kinds of music. Thompson's early career was based in the English folk-rock sounds of Fairport Convention, while Jackson was a post-punk angry young man. Both have classic albums in their pasts to live up to, most notably Thompson's *I Want to See the Bright Lights and Shoot Out the Lights* (with ex-wife Linda) and Jackson's *Look Sharp, I'm The Man*, and *Night and Day*. Richard Thompson has created another masterpiece with *Rumor and Sigh*. The lyrics of every song are suffused with honesty and emotion, feelings laid out raw like a drunk in the street, without a hint of embarrassment or self-consciousness. "Read About Love" tells the all-too-common tale of sex education via *Hustler* magazine; "1952 Vincent Black Lightning" explores the relationship between a man, a woman, and a motorcycle; while "Why Must I Plead" evokes the anger and clinging possessiveness of a failing relationship. Thompson's earthy, haunting vocals are backed with varied instrumentation, from English folk instruments to Thompson's own scratchy, snaky electric guitar.

Joe Jackson has taken a more Americanized approach on *Laughter & Lust*. On tunes like "Goin' Downtown," he writes with the jazzy sophistication he first explored on 1982's *Night and Day*, while other songs have a straight rock sound that tries to hearken back to his (best) work of the late Seventies. Where Thompson is earthy and honest, Jackson attempts to be witty and urbane. Where Thompson's heart lies there bleeding on the table, Jackson's emotions seem distant. Even in a song like "Drowning," where Jackson sings, "Every time you come around, you batter my defenses down," there isn't any sense of immediacy to the emotions expressed. It's as if years later he is writing about a lost love with bitter nostalgia. The high point of the album may be "Obvious Song," a blunt-instrument sneer at those of us who lack the vision to grasp simple truths, while a definite low point is the needless remake of Fleetwood Mac's "Oh Well."

Richard Thompson's music expresses a continuing growth of both personal and musical vision, rooted in tradition but always looking forward. *Rumor and Sigh* is one of the best albums of the last year. On the other hand, Joe Jackson shows on *Laughter & Lust* that he may just be starting on the long, inevitable slide toward playing Vegas. It's obvious. —KBG

At the risk of starting an inter-magazine conflict, I must respond to the review of *Bob's Your Uncle* in the last issue of *CMM*. (For those who missed it, the review dismissed *BYU* as a clone of 10,000 Maniacs.) My main grunt is that I generally think it's a waste of time to slap "clone" on any band, unless it's something as blatant and useless as all the G & R-type clones (e.g. *LA Guns*—wow, guys, where'd you get that name?). I can certainly see the topical similarities between the Maniacs and *Bob's Your Uncle* (mid-tempo to slow rock songs, with deep-voiced female vocalist, jangly guitars, etc.), but that's hardly the point. If you're looking for rippin' energetic rock, this is the wrong record to listen to—it took me about six months of sporadic listening to actually start recognizing songs amidst the extremely restrained, quiet sounds most of the record consists of (kinda like the *Cowboy Junkies' Trinity Sessions*)—but after you get through the initial part, wowzers! Check out the way the harmonica guy can actually play solos! Check out some of the totally fruitbowl semi-existential songs, solid both lyrically and compositionally ("AWOL," "Incandescent Lightbulb Moon," "Drop The Bomb"). And dig *Sook-Yin Lee's* very distinctive (and infinitely more interesting than *Natalie Merchant's*) almost tenor vocalisings, ranging from delicate (like on "AWOL") to guttural and near-screaming, or at least as close to "rockin'" as this rec gets (like on "Pedro" and "Suburban Caveman"). And realize that this band is most certainly *not* about a) writing cheez-whiz, million-selling easy-to-swallow pop slush or b) remaking *Cat Stevens* songs; two crimes of which the aforementioned Maniacs are undeniably guilty.

Whew! I guess I just had that review in me for a year and it took some prodding to get it out. Anyway on to the good stuff....

Inexplicably omitted from my last pile was the formidable release *Barefoot In The Head* (Forced Exposure), a collaboration between *Sonic Youth* guitarist *Thurston Moore* and *Borbetomagus* saxophone demolition operators *Jim Sauter* and *Don Dietrich*. Doubtless you're hep to MTV-darlings *Sonic Youth*, but if you've never heard *Borbetomagus*, they're a NY trio consisting of the two sax players and a manic guitarist named *Donald Miller*. Instead of playing mere music, *Borbetomagus* rake the sky and earth with the most incredibly abrasive, caustically powerful noise ever yanked from such innocent instruments. Screech/noise fans are advised to seek out *Borbetomagus* with fervish intensity. In the meantime, *Barefoot In The Head* serves as a good intro to what kinda mayhem two saxophones can wreak, and also is a peek at what *Moore* is capable of as an improv guitar cruncher. *Moore* adds a distinctive twist of deep-down hum-feedback/thumpy rhythmic accoutrements to the somewhat-tamed saxophone dialogues on



this outing, with some highlights being the tonally colorful "On The Phrase 'Ass Backwards'," the fifty-second spazz attack of "The Date-Reduced Loaf" and the sheer epic monstrosity of the side-long "Concerning The Sun As A Cool Solid."

Other *Borbetomagus* releases just out are their new self-produced lp *Snuff Jazz* (also available from Forced Exposure, PO Box 9102, Waltham MA 02254), a single on Butt Rag Records (see below) and a track on an AIDS-relief benefit double compilation LP, *Mighty Risen Plea* (available from Sacred Frame, 1747 Jericho Court, Tucker GA 30084).

More 7" singles this time...Butt Rag Records (PO Box 14724 Chicago IL 60614) has released a two-song 7" by *Borbetomagus*. According to a recent interview in *Seconds* magazine, this is the first time they have used the studio's overdubbing capabilities, most noticeably on "The Original Chirping Chicken," where the guitar seems strangely displaced from the saxophones. The flip's "Choking Olga" is a much more success-

ful venture, reaching the sonic insanity usually associated with *Borbetomagus*.

Cruz Records hepped me to a cool little 7" awhile back, consisting of two bands each doing a '70's cover tune. The one I hooked on to was *Big Drill Car's* version of the *Cheap Trick* classic "Surrender," a bombastic "power pop" classic done in So-Cal grunge punk style. The not-so-enthalling B-side is a version of *Kiss's* "Getaway" by *Chemical People*. I'm not familiar with this band's other music at all, so maybe it's the song itself, but it just didn't stick. The problem with *Kiss* covers is often that it sounds either like they're trying too hard or they're not trying hard enough.

Here's the big list of heavy rotation:

Leslie Spitt Tree-o Don't Cry Too Hard (IRS) Engaging folksy-rock from a trio that started on a street corner and transformed very well into a studio quintet. Strong vocal harmonies and a great cover of "Angel From Montgomery."

Ice-T Original Gangster (Sire) 75 minutes of the best Ice yet, covering all his usual bases and displaying his most mature, socially conscious ideologies to date (e.g. he's not nearly the raging misogynist he was. And more.)

Poison Idea Feel The Darkness (American Leather, PO Box 86333, Portland OR 97286) *Poison Idea's* latest album is possibly their darkest, most gruesome and fiercely directed to date.

Feel The Darkness features the talents of their new guitarist *Aldine Strycine*, who contributes two of the album's most blistering songs, "Gone For Good" and "Welcome To Krell."

Flat Duo Jets Go Go Harlem Baby (Sky) Their second album, and first one without a bassist(?). You'd think they could have hired one for the studio, but somehow this album of screamin' bayou-rockabilly originals and eclectic cover songs ("Harlem Nocturne," "Froggy Went A-courtin'," "You Belong To Me") works with just guitar, drums and vocals.

Chickasaw Mudd Puppies 8-Track Stomp (Wing/Mercury) A brilliant album of gutbucket blues-pop-screed, played by a pair of badly dressed white boys with reckless abandon, and joined by a host of guests, including producers *Willie Dixon*, veteran bluesman, and *Michael Stipe*, the singer for some Athens band. Hip cuts: "Jambalaya," "Oh Yeah," "Wasp," and "Omaha (Sharpless)."

Paula Abdul Spellbound (Virgin) Actually this is pretty fucking disappointing, overloaded with overdone "yeeeahh"s and other pseudo-funky vocalizations, but the title cut is a stompin' dance-floor hit, and "Alright Tonight" is a *John Hiatt* song that Ms. Abdul presents with a surprisingly earthy feel. Yikes. Did I write that? —PATRICK BARBER

Eternal Idol

My dad, a Protestant minister for over 25 years, would have been appalled. Here stood born-again Christian rocker *Jeff Fenholt* telling the good people of the Victory in Jesus Church (formerly the Federal Theater) not to have idols before the one true god, while at that moment in the lobby were tapes, CDs, and 8X10 glossies, prominently featuring his own face, that could be bought and autographed by him after the service/show. After recognizing a reformed drug user in the audience who sported a long beard, he even said, "You're almost as cute as I am. I'm cute, and I'm sweet."

Mr. Fenholt's albums are available on *Messiah Records*. I therefore question his nonprofit motives behind asking adults in the congregation to make \$100 to \$200 checks payable to *Messiah Ministries*. And, as contradictory as it may seem, I even saw him flash the two-fingered "sign of the devil" to someone in the balcony. My dad would have been appalled.

There is little doubt in my mind that the members of the Victory in Jesus Church are people of great faith. They were emotionally involved in the service, despite the surroundings of the old dilapidated theater. But I am surprised at how taken in they were by this man. Mr. Fenholt's claim to fame is that he is, according to himself, a former vocalist of *Black Sabbath*, although to my knowledge he has never

released any material with them. (It may have been *Jeff Fenholt* who replaced *Glen Hughes* on the *Seventh Star* tour; however, I have been unable to confirm this.) He also speaks of being asked to play the lead role in *Andrew Lloyd Webber's Jesus Christ Superstar*. (Coincidentally, *Ray Gillian*, now singing for *Badlands*, has also been a vocalist for *Sabbath*, as well as *Jesus in Superstar*.)

The evening's gathering was, in and of itself, not a bad idea. It was what I call the "blatant subtlety" of the church's guest that left me aghast. This subtlety included a "slip of the tongue" as he related an account involving himself and a suicidal member of *Deep Purple*. Immediately after uttering "Deep Purple," he said something to the effect of "I probably shouldn't have mentioned the group." After going off on this tangent, he returned to the subject of the offering, only it was the congregation that reminded him of this after he asked, "Now, where were we?" I was appalled.

According to Mr. Fenholt, he is receiving a great deal of flack from various sources. He says that musicians *Rudy Sarzo*, *Craig Goldie* (of *Dio*) and, in particular *Tommy Aldridge* (currently of *Whitesnake*) have spoken out against his cause, and that there are legal matters at hand with *Black Sabbath*. He also reports having received three death threats from occult members. I can

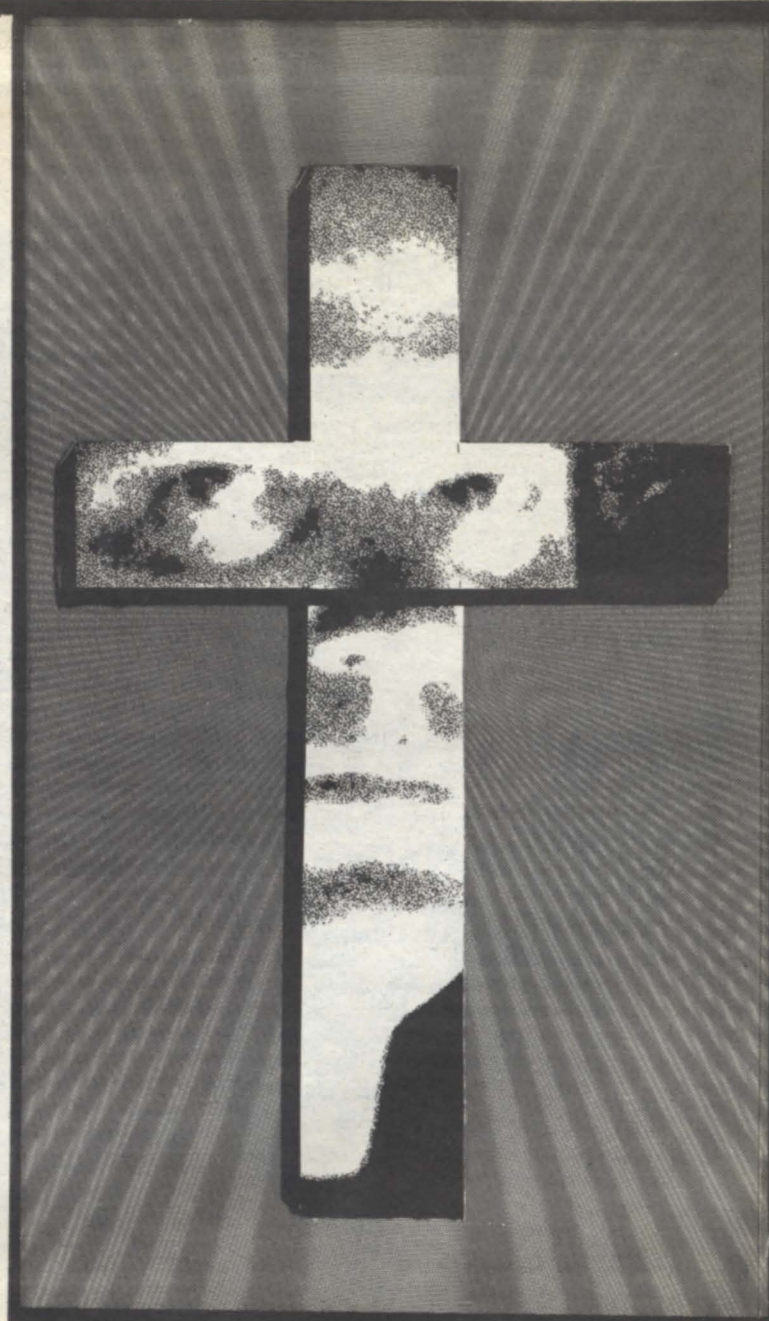
appreciate the concern he has for his life, and do not condone death threats against anyone, but for these reasons he wants to "Tear down the strongholds of the heavy metal scene." That sounds pretty destructive to me. Nonetheless, for this he received a great deal of applause.

After awhile the service grew redundant. We decided to leave, but just as we were about to get up, *Fenholt* noticed some other people heading for the door. He called for some ushers to bring anyone who was leaving up to the stage to dedicate their lives to Christ. Not intimidated by this veiled threat, we left anyway (through an ungaurded backstage exit) and waved goodbye to *Jeff* as he called after us.

Rx and I did, however, come back after the service/show to interview *Jeff*. We were told that he was "ministering" to some people, so we waited outside a closed door for some time. When he finally emerged, he took control of the interview by asking us if we were saved. At this point he and *Rx* failed to see things eye to eye. He told *Rx* "I love you; I do. And I'm probably the first guy that's told you that that wasn't trying to hit on you." With that he turned and left, presumably to sign autographs. We were appalled.

Only god and *Jeff Fenholt* know if he is truly sincere about what he is doing. It is not for anyone on Earth to say who is saved and who is not. The self righteousness of those who are certain of their own uplifted status is the source of more hypocrisy than I can write about. If he is indeed trying to practice his faith, then he should examine the manner in which he expresses it.

—SCOTT STRATTON



Graphic by Peter Belt

Serial Murder: Just For The Fun Of It

By KBG

Everyone likes to play a part,
In your life from the start.
Everyone wants to have their say
About you before that day.

But if they only knew,
What is really happening inside you,
They wouldn't be so quick to say,
The things they do on judgement day.

They will even tell a lie,
But who's to know as days go by.
Except only me, and I won't tell,
Because I'm on my way to hell.

That day is drawing very near,
The one you all want to hear.
That time has come, I have to go,
And now no one will ever know.

—Charles Hatcher
Killer of 16

The things most people want to know about killers is how they did it and why they did it. Serial killers are more interesting than other kinds of killers on both counts. Serial killers are almost always alone with their victims for a period of time before the murder actually takes place, giving them the opportunity to vent all of their particular kind of fury on the object they have chosen. Thus, the crime scenes are uglier than most. That is, if the bodies are ever found.

There is, however, one pattern that serial killers do often fall into. They are mostly middle-aged white men.

Serial killers also differ from other killers in that the motive for their murder comes exclusively from inside them and not from any direct outside influence. Murder for money or jealousy or pride or anger is easier to understand because the killing is a direct response to a stimulus. But serial killers just decide to kill.

Even so, finding out *why* serial killers kill almost always occupies the majority of the tail-end of most true-crime novels about the subject. Every author makes a pretty good argument for why their particular murderer chose to kill. Destructive family relationships, being gang raped as a kid, the evils of drugs or pornography; each can be made a convincing scapegoat for the decisions certain people make.

Gerald Gallego couldn't get it up anymore. Not with a crane. Not even when his girlfriend wife Charlene dressed up like the daughter he'd been molesting since she was six. So they decided that kidnapping, torturing and murdering young women might just put a charge back in their love life. They called their victims "disposable love slaves."

Charles Hatcher confessed to 16 murders, although there were possibly many more. He spoke of "an uncontrollable urge that builds and builds over a period of weeks until I have to kill."



But no consensus can be reached for what makes *all* of them do it, and that seems to frustrate the public and law enforcement. There's a feeling that, if the subject is explored deeply enough, then we'll be able to figure out a formula that will allow us to pick out potential serial killers in, say, junior high,

Of course, interest in killers is a lot easier if it isn't you or people close to you that are getting killed.

before they kill anyone. Then we can give them the "treatment" they need. You can only imagine the poor parents being told, "We're sorry, but your Bobby has been identified as a potential serial killer. We'll have to take him into custody to protect society from his potential crimes."

But no one cause can be pointed to as the one that makes certain people kill. For every person who is abused as a child and becomes a serial killer, there are millions of people whose childhood traumas result in less violent after-effects. Some serial killers, like Ted Bundy, suffered no overt abuse as children. Bundy was hurt by the discovery that he was adopted, and he never got along with his stepfather, but that hardly seems adequate cause to motivate the murder of 30 or more women. Bundy blamed pornography for causing his urge to kill, but again, millions of people view pornography every day without needing to murder anyone.

John Wayne Gacy killed boys, usually young homosexual prostitutes, and buried their bodies in his basement. His house, which for a time he lived in with his wife, smelled pretty bad. Now that may seem crazy, but in fact it was an effective method to prevent his crimes from getting too much attention from the police. Like many serial killers, Gacy chose victims that were people that society doesn't care about very much. Most were runaways, and their sudden disappearances weren't all that surprising. If their dead, brutally sodomized bodies had started turning up by the side of roads or washing up downriver, then a massive man-hunt would have begun. By burying them in his basement he kept the police from even knowing that a crime had been committed.

Gacy was eventually captured more because of his own misplaced feeling of invincibility than any efforts by the police. Like many serial killers, he had killed so many for so long that he stopped being careful. He was the last person seen with his last victim, a local kid that several people knew was trying to get a job with Gacy's company. When the boy turned up missing and Gacy was arrested, police looked in Gacy's flooded, foul smelling basement. What they found there made Gacy a star.

It is ironic that the most famous serial killers are the least successful ones, the ones who get caught. Most murder-based entertainment depicts the successful prosecution of the killer. Justice is being done, they seem to say, although perhaps a little late for the victims. Of course, interest in killers is a lot easier if it isn't you or people close to you that are getting killed.

Certain kinds of killing are condoned, even encouraged by society, while others are looked down upon as the embodiment of pure evil. The difference depends mainly on your point of view. Some would say that serial killers are particularly evil because their crimes are without motivation; the murderer doesn't even know the victim, and the killing is just a result of one person's individual desire to murder someone, often anyone, else.

But ask the wife of a dead Iraqi soldier what her husband's life had to do with Saddam Hussein's lust for power or George Bush's "New World Order." I wonder what her reaction would be to our ticker-tape parades. I wonder what the families of Ted Bundy's murder victims thought of his exploits being made into a TV movie starring Mark Harmon, the "sexiest man in America."

Experts say that at any given time, anywhere from 35 to 50 serial killers are roaming the streets and highways of the United States. Every one of these murderers would have to kill 15 people every day for an entire year to even begin to approximate the number of people who died as a result of Saddam's attack on Kuwait and the resulting "Desert Storm."

Let's face it, everyone is at risk as long as there are people out there who feel like they have the right to decide when other people's lives should end. No one has a monopoly on evil. In fact, franchises are available and they're going fast.

But I can't complain. I read the books. And see the movies. And watch the TV documentaries. I share the fascination, and I really don't want to examine why. I'm comfortable with the fact that I don't want to kill anyone. But no law—state, federal, international or moral—has ever stopped those people who do.

When the boy turned up missing and Gacy was arrested, police looked in Gacy's flooded, foul smelling basement. What they found there made Gacy a star.

Society would like to think that serial killers are crazy, but most are not insane. To be insane under the letter of the law is to not comprehend that society considers your acts to be wrong. Many serial killers use elaborate techniques to evade law enforcement, sometimes showing a sophisticated knowledge of police investigative techniques. In fact, sometimes the very acts that people believe to be evidence of the killers insanity are in actuality examples of his grim premeditation.

There is, however, one pattern that serial killers do often fall into. They are mostly middle-aged white men.

Serial murder excites genuine interest. Books and movies and television shows about serial killers are responsible for millions of dollars in revenue. People want to know why people like Ted Bundy or Charles Hatcher kill all of those people. And how they kill them, the indignities that are done. In precise detail.

CLUBS

CLOT clubs listings are **FREE**. Mail to P.O. Box 481343, Denver, CO 80248, Attn: Calendar Editor, or call 455-5312 with updates. Venues marked with ♦ have display ads, which provide additional information such as times, cover charges, etc., elsewhere in the issue. These venues also receive complimentary listings in the COLORADO CALENDAR.

Annie's Place 454 E. Mailey Dr., Northglenn, 457-0776. Typper Gore 7/3-6; Buggy Malone 7/10-13; X-plicit 7/17-20.

After the Gold Rush 5255 W. 6th Ave., 232-7874. Rock. Call club for schedule.

Arap's 3866 S. Broadway, 761-7823. Rock Bottom 7/5; Bad Apples 7/12; Nasty Nick and the Hurricanes 7/19; McGuffian 7/26.

Bangles 4501 E. Virginia Ave, 377-2701. Call club for schedule.

Basin's Up 1427 Larimer, 623-2104. Buster Brown Band 7/2-7; Hot Lunch 7/9-14, 16-21; The Bizness 7/23-28.

The Beach Grill 5551 W. 88th Ave., 428-7700. Heartbreak Radio 7/3-6; Diana Castro and the Big-time 7/12-13; High Risk 7/19-20; Promise 7/26-27; Mystic Island Steel Band Sun; Swimwear Illustrated Model Search 7/3, 10, 14, 17, 21, 24, 28; Laser Karaoke every Thurs.

B.C. Sports Lounge 6501 W. Mississippi, 936-8513.

Big City Lights 7000 W. Colfax, 234-0061.

The Boulder Theatre 2030 14th, Boulder, 444-3600. An Evening of Poetry with Robert Creeley & Steve Lacy Sextet 7/12; Laurence Luckinbill 7/13-14; Marshall Crenshaw with Orphan Tears 7/17; The Roches 7/18; Philip Glass, Allen Ginsberg & Melissa Fenley 7/24-25.

Brandy's Lounge 770 28th St., Boulder, 449-3800. My Evil Twin 7/12.

The Broadway 1082 Broadway, 860-7558. Shock Cinema, Chatter Box, Talison 7/1; Third Mist & special guest 7/2.

Buffalo Rose 1119 Washington, Golden, 279-5190. Acousticity 7/3-7; Gary Puckett and the Union Gap 7/11; The Association 7/19; Paul Revere and the Raiders 7/31.

Chianti's 235 Fillmore, 393-7700.

Club Cancun 4151 E. County Line Rd, 770-7722. Live bands. Call club for listing.

Club Peaches & Pit 38th & Wadsworth, 420-8702. Insatiable, Borderline, Castle Rock 7/26-29; Ladies Night every Wed.

Crickets on the Hill 1209 E. 13th, 830-9020. Kidd Pharoah 7/1; Richard Dean & Friends 7/2; Hammerin' Hanks 7/3; Teresa Lynne Blues Band 7/4; Love Whips 7/5-6; Rock Advocates 7/8; Teresa Lynne Blues Band 7/9; Truth of the Matter 7/10; Billy Wells Band 7/11; J.D. & the Love Bandits 7/12-13; The Jinns 7/15; Love Whips 7/16; Hammerin' Hanks 7/17; The Tremblers 7/18; The Jinns 7/19-20; Kidd Pharoah 7/22; Richard Dean & Friends 7/23; Truth of the Matter 7/24; Billy Wells Band 7/25; Tracy Edwards & the Deep Blues 7/26-27; The Jinns 7/29; Richard Dean & Friends 7/30; Hammerin' Hanks 7/31; Open stage every Sun.

Dr. Proctors 4201 E. Mississippi, 756-1665. Split Decision 7/5, 12-13, 19-20; 5 After 5 7/26-27, 8/2-3; Destiny 8/16-17.

Ecks's Saloon 9890 W. Giron Dr., Lakewood, 989-2991.

El Chapultepec 1962 Market, 295-9126. Billy Tolles & the Chapultepec All-Stars Sun-Wed; Tony Rodriguez & Jazz Connection Thurs-Sat; Tony Jackson 7/24-26; Nick Bricmola 8/1-3.

End Zone 455 Havana, Aurora, 364-6855. Stuck In Reverse 7/5-6; Whisper Alley 7/12-13; Rebels All 7/19-20; Johnson Brothers 7/26-27.

Falcone's 1096 Gaylord, 777-0707. Alive on Arrival with Laura Newman on Sax Natalie Renee Vocalist.

Franklin's 1641 California, 825-7803. John Bayley 7/5-6; Up The Neck 7/12; Simpletones 7/13; Elk Pink 7/19-20; Men About Town 7/25-27.

♦ **The Garage** 2301 Blake, 296-6628. The Jonez, The Simpletones 7/3; Saigon Kick with Dogs of Pleasure 7/5; Kidd Pharoah 7/6; Better Hated 7/11; China My Eyes 7/12; Rubber Nurse 7/13; Jux County 7/15; I Love You, Liquid Jesus 7/17; The Orphan Tears 7/18; Tribe After Tribe 7/19; Frazier Chorus 7/20; Dogs of Pleasure w/ Baby Friday 7/22; Vibe Tribe 7/25; Bethnal Green 7/26; The Jonez 7/27; Peter Himmelman 7/28-29; School of Fish w/Three Merry Widows 7/30; Peter Himmelman 7/31.

The Gardens 1501 E. Colfax, 839-9811. Rock-o-fellas 7/5; Vibe Tribe 7/6; Every Monday: Blue Mondays w/the Alligators; Rob Smart and Friends, Doug Conlon 7/10; Red Moon Rising 7/11; Rude Culture 7/12-13; Demeritt James Band 7/16; Mortal Engines, The Magellans 7/18; Sympathy F 7/19; Rob Smart and Friends 7/23; Malice in Wonderland 7/25; Fear of Sleep, Rob Smart 7/26; Hanging Trees, Doug Conlon, Rob Smart 7/30; Big Foot Torso 8/16-17.

♦ **Gothic Theater** 3263 S. Broadway, 789-1050. Baton Rouge, Tattoo Rodeo & Dogs of Pleasure 7/23; Meat Beat Manifesto w/ Consolidated 7/26; Einsturzende Neubauten 7/27.

Ground Zero 1360 College, Boulder, 444-5333. Filly McNasty 7/24.

Herman's Hideaway 1578 S. Broadway, 778-9916. Window Paine and Out of the Blue 7/3; Big Head Todd and the Monsters 7/5-6; Mountain Cats Blues Jam 7/7; Bob Yaezel Band 7/10; Mortal Engines 7/11; Mollie and Tim O'Brien 7/12; Dogs of Pleasure and special guests 7/13; Comedy Night 7/14; Acoustic Showcase 7/17; Twice Wilted 7/18; Kidd Pharoah 7/19; The Jonez 7/20; Mountain Cats Blues Jam 7/21; Alleygators 7/25; Little Women 7/26-27; Comedy Night 7/28; Timepiece 7/31.

Hotel Boulderado 2115 13th St., Boulder, 442-4344. Steve Conn 7/1; Lynn Patrick 7/1-3; Closed 7/4; Heavy Lumber 7/5-6; Marty Peters 7/7-10; Julie Hoest 7/11; Tsunami 7/11-12; Footsteps 7/13; Nancy Cook 7/14; Eric Lilley 7/15-17; Dick Orleans 7/15; Julie Hoest 7/18; Dennis Tiger 7/18-20; Marty Peters 7/21-24; Dick Orleans 7/25; Chuck Pyle 7/25-27; Nancy Cook 7/28; Lynn Patrick 7/29-31; Jazz Showcase every Tues and Wed; call for showtimes on all shows.

Iliff Park Saloon 2300 S. Chambers Rd., 696-1404. Dazzler 7/2-9; Windfield 7/9-14; Buggy Malone 7/16-21; Lionize 7/23-28; Little Dreamer 7/30-8/4.

Jazz Works 1634 18th St., 297-0920. From Paris, bassist Stafford James w/Art Lande on Piano & Bruno Carr on drums 7/25.

Jet Lounge 2589 W. Main, Littleton, 798-4952. Nasty Nick and the Hurricanes 7/13; Mother Pearl 7/27.

Jimmy's Grille 320 S. Birch, 322-5344. Vibe Tribe 7/3; Rude Culture 7/4-6; Monkey Siren 7/11-13; Eddie Clawda & Irie Heights 7/19-20; Rude Beat League 7/25-27; Jimmy's Reggae Fest 7/28.

JJ McCabes 945 Walnut, Boulder, 449-4310. Call club for schedule.

Junque's 390 Retail Center, Broomfield, 469-5865. X-plicit 6/27-29; Insatiable 7/11-13; Heartbreak Radio 7/18-20; Route 66 7/25-27; Smokin' in Bed 8/1-3; Golden Rule 8/8-10; D.C. Rocker 8/15-17; Borderline 8/22-24; Shell Shocked 7/29-31.

La Coupole Cafe 22nd at Arapahoe, Paul Warburton on bass, Dale Bruning on guitar, Ron Washington on sax, every Wed-Sat; Pau Brasil 7/13.

Laddy's 9660 Ralston Rd., Arvada, 431-1212. The Jinns 7/5-6; Ragin' Woody 7/11-13; Comedy Show 7/18; Alleygators 7/19-20; Heartbreak Radio 7/26-27; World's Shortest Sidewalk Parade 7/27.

Lido Lounge 127 E. 20th, 295-9068. Call club for schedule.

♦ **Lion's Lair** 2022 E. Colfax, Denver, 320-9200. 7/7 Zoon Politikon; 7/14 Filter; 7/21 Nixons; 7/28 T.B.A.; 8/5 Wretched Refuse.

Little Bear 28075 Hwy 74, Evergreen, 674-9991. The Subduces 7/2; John Bayley 7/8; 6th Annual Senior Resource Center Benefit featuring Tennessee Hat Band 7/9; Tribe Nunzio 7/15; Commander Cody 7/18; The Platters 7/31.

London Pub 1245 W. Bellevue, Littleton, 794-3913.

Mall Exchange 1585 Lawrence, 573-1400. Images 7/5-6; Backstreet 7/12-13; Diana and the Big Time 7/19-20; Rich Relations 7/26-27.

Maxx's Eatery and Lounge 8501 W. Bowles, Littleton, 979-9179.

Meister's Night Club 5402 North Sheridan, 433-1450. Castle Rock 7/2-6; Closed 7/4; Ragin' Woody 7/7-8; Suspect 7/9-13; The Heavyweight 7/14-15; Vendetta 7/16-20; X-plicit 7/23-27; Hardbodies Male Revue 7/24; Boyz II-B-Boyz 7/30-8/3.

♦ **Mercury Cafe** 2199 California, 294-9281. NRBO w/Truth of the Matter 7/20.

Ogden Street South 103 S. Ogden, 722-0592.

Outback 3141 28th, Boulder, 444-0081. Big Head Todd 7/3; The I-men 7/5-6; The Reejers 7/10; High Rollers 7/11; The Cheaters 7/12-13; Out of the Blue 7/17; The Guitar Dudes 7/18; Trans Jam 7/19-20; Ripcord 7/24; Blue Metro 7/25; The Spectators 7/26-27; The Guitar Dudes 7/31.

Penny Lane 1738 Pearl, Boulder, 443-9516.

PJ Goodvibes 7129 Sheridan, Westminster, 427-8391.

♦ **Rock Island** 164 15th, 572-7625. Call club for schedule of special events and happenings.

Rear Inn Lounge 4491 W. 80th Ave, 426-4500.

Ruby 708 E. 17th Ave, 831-8990. Closed 7/4; Hazel Miller 7/5-6; Country Joe 7/12-13; Reggae Posse 7/19-20.

Sonesta 8800 N. Grant, 430-8017.

Sports Channel 10286 N. Federal, 469-1411. Laser Karaoke 7/5-6; No Xq's 7/12-13, 19-20; Split Decision 7/26-27; T.R.X. 8/2-3; Bad Apples 8/9-10.

Tequila Sunrise 840 Lincoln, 837-8921.

Tulagi 1129 13th, Boulder, 442-1369. Wave Rave Bikini Show 7/2; Big Squid 7/3; The Reejers 7/5; Water 7/6; The Kind 7/11; Vibe Tribe 7/12; Leftover Salmon 7/17; Split Level 7/18; The Kind 7/20; Water 7/26.

Tunetown 900 Auraria Pkwy., 534-8441. Live Rock 'n Roll Tues-Sat.

Whiskey Bill's 7290 W. Colfax, Lakewood, 232-6314.

York St. Cafe 2239 E. Colfax, 331-0533. Dotsero 7/4-7; The Blenders 7/11-14; Nelson Rangell 7/18-21; Hazel Miller 7/25-28.

Zenobia's 1278 Pennsylvania, 831-4448. The Nixons 7/5; 5 Live Engines w/Robert Smart 7/6; Hobbie De Hoy w/Hospital Beds and Mayme 7/12; Bits of Wood w/Mortal Engines & Man Made Rock 7/13; The Simpletones w/Hanging Tree 7/19; The Feds w/11th Hour 7/20; Sparking Satan w/Faex & Choosy Mothers 7/26; Lyin' Cowboy, Pablo Torres & Malice in Wonderland 7/27.

Ziggie's Saloon 4923 W. 38th Ave., 455-9930. Bob Hornbuckle 7/3-4; Alleygators 7/5-6; Bob Hornbuckle 7/10; Kidd Pharoah 7/11; Bob Hornbuckle 7/12-13, 17; Alleygators 7/18; The Tremblers 7/19; Burnt Lips 7/20; Bob Hornbuckle 7/24; Kidd Pharoah 7/25; Perfect Daze 7/26; Alleygators 7/27.

DANCE CLUBS

Alfie's 9700 E. Iliff 752-4990.

Dead Beat Club 4040 E. Evans 758-6853.

Fish Dance 17th & Clarkson 832-FISH.

40th Chapel 4040 E. Evans 758-6853.

The Nineties 2975 Fox, 292-5351.

The Fox Hole 2936 Fox St. 296-8505.

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COMICS



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Billy Nguyen: Private Eye, #1

You can't help but love a cynical and sarcastic private dick who can't help but get into the worst situations. This is his first time in color and on the Caliber label. Created by John Hartman and Stanley W. Shaw, Billy is a blue collar hero—well, sort of. Shaw's artwork is great, and I love the satirical humor. Billy gets into hot water on a case, (as usual) and you have to check it out for yourself to appreciate it. And with Caliber, no one knows when issue number two will be coming. Groovy color. Caliber Press, 621 B Main St., Plymouth, Michigan, 48179. —BRADLEY RYAN

Faust #7: Rebel Studios

This is an issue of triumph for *Faust* writer David Quinn and artist Tim Vigil. Due to the tremendous popularity of their brainchild, they are now producing *Faust* through their own publishing company, Rebel Studios. This transition took several months, and hence delayed this issue quite awhile, but it was certainly worth the wait. Act 7 is a very sexual issue. Tim seems to be able to capture the human body in any and every position. During these copulation scenes, David plays catch-up with the plot. M gives us a demonstration of his newly gained powers and punishes one of his henchmen. The extreme violence is saved for the end, when John can't handle the hallucinations or the feelings he has inside. It is then that the killing begins again. Not a senseless killing, but a want for cold revenge. Slowly he is building his power for the time when he will clash with M, by slowly eroding away at M's staff of henchmen. Jade isn't too happy about these events, but soon realizes that she is once again trapped with a madman.

—ANDREW E. FREY



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Paparazzi-style photographers: CMM will buy your pix of people hanging out in the music scene (clubs, parties, etc.). Must identify subject(s) by name and location. Photo credit + \$5/published photo.

Musicians Wanted

Death Metal's only law seeks chain-saw, grindcore axemaster for power trio. Must have own trans. POSERS SACRIFICED. Ace: 431-6926.

Acapella Group seeks bass with experience. Call George, 730-6706.

Pro bassist & drummer from two of Denver's ex-top notch acts seeking lead guitarist with the determination, dedication, look, sound and at least one stack, for an all-original act leaning toward the Lynch Mob/L.A. Guns type. Only the serious need inquire. Joey or Joey, 940-9400, 423-7383 or 347-0078.

Mausoleum seeks lead vocalist with wide range of vocal abilities and heavy influences. Looking toward a studio project in the fall. All originals. Call George, 428-4753, or Bob, 428-3454.

HELP looking for seasonal experienced vocalist interested in a very dedicated situation with an original concept in mind. All original music. Open-minded, ideas expected. Call Dave 451-5280, Jav 288-9587 or Rick 371-2720.

Alto Sax & Bass Player. Working band to play Mexican and variety music. 458-7915 anytime.

Established Alternative Band needs bass player and drummer. Influences: U2, Xymox, Skinny Puppy. Call Nathan or Danh, 830-0965.

Guitar/Singer Wanted. Female vocalist looking for partner. I am strong with harmonies. sing everything from folk to alternative. Call evenings 863-8404.

Keyboard Player for blues based rock band. Must be familiar with honkey-tonk. Blues piano styles, R & B organ styles and vocals helpful. Send demo and/or resume to: PO Box 11144, Denver, CO 80211 or call 424-1707.

Enemy Ace is looking for a dynamic lead vocalist. Must be a pro and have own practice equipment. METAL. Call Doc at 665-0950 or Dennis at 665-0921.

Looking for Thick Grindcore Bassist into Napalm, Entombed and Carcass, located in the south area. Robert 771-8225 or Dave 770-3779.

Innovative guitarist wanted for all original, all acoustic project. Sound = early Neil Young plus Pixies plus M. Hedges. Mike 863-0243 (evenings).

Original Rock Project seeking drummer with vocals. Experienced. Mike 762-0730.

Aerlax seeks heavy bassist with own gear for an original, thrashing, metal moshing sound. Call Eli 480-9541 or Art 433-8151. If you're not serious, don't waste our fucking time.

Experienced guitarist and bassist seek versatile, experienced drummer with professional attitude to form original hard rock band. Serious inquiries only. Contact Dave or Mark at 433-5288.

The Hands of God are seeking an experienced vocalist. Looks and attitude a must. Influences include: Depeche Mode, Bauhaus, Ultravox. We're serious; hope you are too. Call 322-6467, 837-1738.

Wanted: Lead vocalist for progressive hard rock band. Will be doing studio work and shows in very near future. Equipment and balls a must. No BOZOS! Call or lv message. Steve 421-2514, Mike 935-8541, Ian and Darren 987-3420.

The Judge needs a singer. Influences include Motorhead, Ramones, Maiden, AC-DC. All original. Call Chris, 830-1686.

Malice In Wonderland seeks solid, in the pocket drummer. Must be positive and dedicated. Influences: Tommy Ramone, Charley Watts, Motorhead. No Rush fans. Call Rhoades 722-3384.

Musicians Available

Grindcore rhythm guitarist. Influences: old Napalm Death, Carcass, Repulsion, Cancer, and Carnage. Nick 666-9480.

Novice guitarist seeks other beginners to practice with. Primarily interested in hard rock/heavy metal, but willing to try just about any style at this stage. Call Chris at 238-8203 and let's see what we can arrange.

Lead guitarist and bassist looking to join or form band. Influences include Megadeth, Pantera, Forbidden, and Prong. Call Ryan or Bryce at 779-8760.

Drummer looking for band with jam space. Emph. on orig. metal/thrash. Rick 347-0522.



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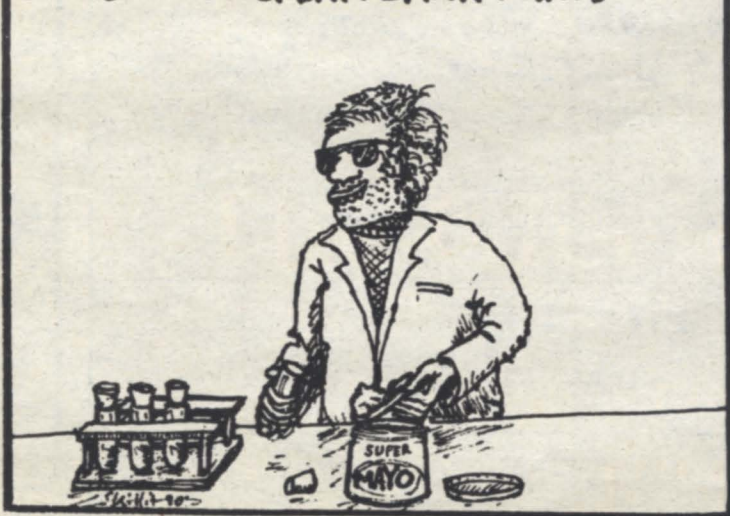
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Musicians Wanted & Available are **FREE**, but these ads will run for only ONE issue of CMM unless the staff receives a message otherwise (455-5312) or your order form in the mail for the ad to be printed in the next issue, either the same or with changes.

CALLING ALL BANDS: CMM is putting together an all-local issue, and we want to include you. Send

bios, demos, photos, merchandise, logos, etc. to CMM, PO Box 481343, Denver, CO 80248.

For Sale, Etc.

"Censorship is Un-American" b/w "JUST SAY KNOW" on quality black t-shirt (XL only). \$11.95 to Clandestine Graphics, 1316 E. 8th Ave., Denver 80218, or send SASE for catalogue. Custom designs available.

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TYRANNOSAURUS REX JARS MAKE WINE TASTE BETTER.... Romeo, o; Romeo, ne'er will I forget the day we spent frolicking in the woods, the Day of the Locust. We saw a hawk soar in the wind, a great serpent in its talons. 'Twas good we let the video people pass before going au natural....Luv ya, Juliet



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